THE

Lady's Magazine,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

for the

FAIR SEX;

Appropriated solely to their

USE and AMUSEMENT.

VOL. XLIII. for the YEAR 1812.

LONDON.

Printed for G. ROBINSON,

N.º 25, Paternoster Row.

Egypt — Rep. 12.

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Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 1, for January, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. An elegant FRONTISPICE—the COMET.
2. Engraved TITLE-PAGE.
3. Portrait of His Royal Highness, the PRINCE REGENT
4. London MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
5. New and elegant PATTERN for a WORKED DRESS, &c.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

IN our present Number, we have adopted a new plan respecting the dates of the articles of intelligence in our concluding half-sheet. Under the old plan, it would often un-avoidably happen that we were forced to place posterior events before prior ones—thus—Suppose the Spanish American patriots to gain a victory on the fifteenth *of November, and to suffer a defeat on the* thirtieth—*and these events to be announced to the public in London about the end of January—the defeat* with a date, *and the victory* without one. *In this case, the* posterior *defeat would appear in the* first *page of our News under the date of* November, *while the* prior *victory would come three or four pages* later, *under the London date of* January 25 *or* 26, *to the utter confusion of the chronologic succession of events.—To obviate this inconvenience, in* some *degree at least, we now give* all *the articles of intelligence under the dates of their publication in London—adding their own proper dates, wherever we can ascertain them. Henceforward, therefore, the date* [between crotchets], *prefixed to each article, marks the day on which the event was announced in the* "Morning Chronicle," *or some other respectable London paper—thus aiding our fair readers to form at least some probable estimate of the chronology from a comparison of the London date with the distance of the place—besides enabling them to verify our statements by a reference to the daily papers—and moreover furnishing them with a clue to trace any minor circumstances, which the narrowness of our limits may have obliged us to omit.*

The continuation of the "*Trial of Love*" is postponed 'till our next publication, for the sake of accompanying it with an interesting plate.

"J. M. L."'s letter on Dryden's "*Mackerel Gale*" came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

The "*Original Letter, from a Youth in Town to his Parents in the Country*," is in the same predicament.

We should be happy to gratify the fair author of the extempore on the *death of a father*, if her lines were more correct in point of metre. In their present state, we are sorry that we cannot insert them.

"*Charles*"'s communication does not suit our miscellany.

"*A youthful Votary*"'s stanzas are too defective both in grammar and metre.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1812.

The FRONTISPICE* to our incipient volume exhibits a true and lively picture of what the public have lately witnessed on the appearance of the comet.—On the one hand, we see Astronomy pointing to that beautifully majestic phænomenon, and explaining to her pupils the natural causes of its apparently irregular (though, in reality, perfectly regular and seasonable) visit to the inhabitants of our globe —the delighted pupils listening with attentive docility, and absorpt in admiration of the almighty power and wisdom of the great Creator, thus magnificently displayed in his wondrous works.—On the other hand, narrow-minded Superstition is seen turning away, with obstinate unbelief, from the sound reasonings of Astronomy, and uttering to the terrified crowd of her ignorant votaries her sinister ominations of plagues, famines, hurricanes, earthquakes, inundations, and every other calamity, with which almighty wrath is wont to afflict and punish the wayward sons of men.—We sincerely hope that not one of our fair readers is weak enough to listen to the foolish bodings of this haggard fiend, while astronomy clearly demonstrates that the motions of comets, and their appearance and disappearance, are as regular and natural as those of any of known planets of our system, though the former have been appointed to move in much larger orbits, of which only a small portion lies within the reach of human ken, so that we cannot trace the remainder of their progress through the boundless expanse of immensity:—in short, from the well-founded arguments of enlightened philosophy, we wish every one of our fair readers to be convinced that the appearance of a comet, at such a distance from us, cannot possibly have any greater influence on the affairs of our globe, than the candle, which burns, this night, on the table before her, can have in producing, before morn, a general conflagration at Constantinople, Quebec, or Delhi.

* We have chosen to give this word in its proper form, *Frontispice*, in opposition to our dictionaries, which usually make a diphthong in its last syllable, as if it were a compound of the English word, *Piece*, to which it has not the most distant relation—being immediately taken from the French *Frontispice*, and that from the Latin *Frontispicium*—a word of the same origin with *Auspices*, *Suspicious*, *Prospicience*, *Despicable*, *Conspicuous*, *Transpicuous*, *Perspicuous*, *Perspicacious*, &c. &c.

The PLEASURES *of* BENEVOLENCE.

(*Continued from page 552 of our last Volume.*)

"I HAVE known the unfortunate object of your ladyship's humanity since the earliest period of life; for with her father I contracted an intimacy when we were fellow students at Trinity college.—Poor man! he was destined to feel those reverses of fortune which too often fall to the lot of those who place dependence upon the promises of the great; for the nobleman who had adopted and educated him from childhood, died without making a will; and those talents, which were

calculated to have shone either at the bar or in the senate, were hackneyed out to any sordid employer who would afford him a piece of bread.—After having struggled for several years with poverty and oppression, by the interest of one of his university acquaintance, he obtained an excise-man's place: but his health was then materially injured by the hardships he had endured; and he was, in every sense of the term, a confirmed invalid.

"In the days of prosperity, however, he had formed an attachment to a young lady whose feeling heart could not be influenced by the frowns of fortune, but who was dependent upon an uncle for the means of support.—The moment my friend Clarke had obtained a situation which enabled him to procure the necessaries of life, the attached pair were united; which exasperated the young lady's family to the highest degree.—The only fruit of this marriage was the amiable young person who in all probability will owe her future existence to your ladyship's sympathy. She was, and deserved to be, the darling of both parents; and, while the mother taught her to be a useful member of society, the father bestowed the utmost pains upon the cultivation of her mind.

"In proportion to the expansion of intellect, our refinement and sensibility naturally increase; and consequently Eliza found no pleasure in associating with persons in a similar sphere of life. On the contrary, the roughness of their manners, and the coarseness of their ideas, disgusted her; and, with a mixture of civility and coldness, she repelled every overture of intimacy that was made.—To those who were, in every respect, so evidently her inferiors, her beauty seemed to render her no less obnoxious than her pride; and a creature who deserved to be both admired and courted, was, in her own circle, almost universally disliked.

"Though this amiable girl was well-informed, and truly accomplished, yet neither her information nor acquirements rendered her inattentive to the domestic duties of life. She took upon herself the cares of the little family, and was at once the entertaining companion and kind nurse to her sick father.—Upon the death of that father, which happened about five years since, she discovered that an annuity of about ten pounds a year was all the provision left for herself and mother; but, instead of repining at her lot, she determined to convert those talents which had been cultivated for amusement, into a means of support.—She had long been in the habit of drawing from nature; and so exquisite is her taste, that she might vie with some of the first landscape-painters. She therefore determined to send her drawings to a shop of great repute in London, the master of which readily agreed to take them all at a certain price.

"Delighted at the idea of being able to support a mother, whom she loved with the fondest affection, the charming girl was indefatigable in her exertions, and procured, not only necessaries, but comforts, for her surviving parent.—She had persevered in this laudable pursuit about four years, when a party of the **th regiment was quartered in this neighbourhood, the captain of which proved to be the son of that uncle who was so much exasperated at the marriage of her worthy mother.—This young libertine was struck with the charms of the then blooming Eliza, before he discovered the relationship which subsisted between

them: but, accident having made him acquainted with it, he instantly made it an excuse to call at the house; and, by practising those arts with which the dissipated are too well acquainted, he completely imposed upon the unsuspicious mother.

"Elegant in person, insinuating in manners, and completely master of all those arts which can impose upon the fair sex, he soon perceived the influence that he had obtained over the unsophisticated Eliza: but, convinced that he could never undermine the purity of her principles, he cautiously concealed his criminal intentions.—He made a formal declaration of love, and a proposal of a private marriage: the first was accepted with pleasure, but the last positively refused; upon which, he promised to solicit the consent of his father, and displayed several letters, as from that father, to Eliza's too credulous mother.—The poor woman was delighted at the prospect of being again received into her family, and seeing her beloved child united to a man blest with the gifts of fortune, and endowed with worth of mind: yet, while the objects of his base design believed his views to be most honorable, he boasted to his companions of having reconciled her to a life of infamy and disgrace.—Regarding this villain as her future son, the unsuspicious Mrs. Clarke had often seconded his proposal to Eliza of taking a walk; and, during one of these incautious rambles, he forced her into a post-chaise, which was waiting in a convenient place.

"To paint the distracted state of the unhappy mother is impossible, when Eliza did not return at the expected time.—About two hours afterwards, a letter was delivered to her, which appeared to have been written by her beloved child.—The purport of it was to say, that, having accidentally discovered that Captain D***'s father was completely averse to the marriage, she had yielded to his solicitation of residing abroad with him until after the old gentleman's death, when the ceremony would be performed, which was for ever to unite them, and when she should with transport return to her beloved mother.

"The sentiments contained in this vile epistle convinced the agonised parent that they could never have been dictated by the pure and unblemished Eliza. All attempts, however, to trace the wretch who had robbed her of her treasure, proved un-availing; and the hapless woman gave herself up to grief, horror, and despair.—The loss of her child was accompanied by the loss of the means of procuring a subsistence, and followed by a delirious fever, from which I long despaired of recovering her; though at length I happily succeeded.—A misfortune so severe could not fail to excite emotion in every sympathetic bosom; and I have had the gratification of raising a sufficient sum among my affluent patients, to enable the poor widow to enjoy the comforts of existence for some months.—How the unfortunate Eliza escaped from the power of that abandoned libertine, I am ignorant: but, that she had done so, I accidentally discovered about three days ago, from an officer in the same regiment, who was taken ill at a gentleman's house in this neighbourhood, who execrated the conduct of his brother officer, and who gave me part of the history, madam, which I have had the honor of relating to you."

"To say I am interested in the fate of the amiable Eliza, sir," replied Lady Mortimer, "is but

faintly expressing those sentiments which your narrative has inspired; and, as Providence has mercifully blessed me with the means of becoming essentially serviceable to her, I am resolved to settle a joint annuity upon the mother and daughter.

The worthy Doctor Cavendish expressed his admiration of this intention in the strongest terms.—"Do not over-rate, my dear sir," said her ladyship, "the performance of a duty, which the precepts of christianity so forcibly enjoin.—I consider myself but the agent of that beneficent Being who has given me the power of relieving my fellow creatures, and think it must have been his directing hand which conducted me to the spot at such a critical juncture."

Lady Mortimer, having been informed that Mrs. Clarke lived within a mile of the humane physician's residence, entreated him to take upon himself the pleasing office of acquainting her that Eliza was under her protection, and that on the following morning she would convey her to her fondly attached parent.

Doctor Cavendish, having written a prescription for his patient, who he heard was sleeping, took leave of the benevolent Lady Mortimer, full of that admiration which such noble generosity naturally inspired—and, with sensations of delight, ordered his coachman to drive instantly to Mrs. Clarke's.—To describe the joy and gratitude of that tender mother is totally impossible. Had her strength been equal to her wishes, she would instantly have flown to the object of her regard: but, debilitated by disease, she was under the necessity of waiting until the long-lost Eliza was restored to her.

The refreshing balm of quiet repose acted like a charm upon the poor invalid; and, after having slept for six hours, she awoke in the full possession of those faculties, which, previous to the enjoyment of it, had appeared so much impaired.—Her expressions of gratitude to Lady Mortimer for the preservation of existence were as strong as it was in the power of language to paint; but, when she discovered, that, through her ladyship's beneficence, that existence was in future to be blessed with competence, she seemed un-able to express her emotions by speech; and, dropping upon her knees, she seised the hand of her benefactress, imploring heaven to shower down its choicest blessings upon her head.

Desirous of effacing any unfavorable impression to which the landlady's account might have given rise, she solicited permission to relate the principal events of her life, but was then informed that her ladyship was acquainted with every circumstance, until the moment her abandoned lover trepanned her away.

"Oh, madam! when I think of that dreadful moment," said the grateful Eliza, clasping her hands, and elevating her expressive eyes, "how can I sufficiently adore that almighty protector, who prevented me from becoming the victim of depravity and fraud?—Never, during our frequent walks, had that artful libertine given me the slightest reason to suspect the abandoned principles which influenced his mind: his conduct had been uniformly tender and respectful; and he generally addressed me by the appellation of his affianced wife.—On that memorable evening, his conversation had been so peculiarly entertaining, that I was not aware of the distance we had walked, until, turning abruptly round a corner, I perceived we were near three miles from my mother's house.—A post-chaise and

four, evidently waiting for some person, struck me as extraordinary; and I had just expressed my astonishment, when I felt myself rudely seised in the arms of some one, who had evidently sprung from behind the trees, and who, aided by my treacherous companion, forced me into the chaise.

"The blinds were all drawn up; and we set off with a rapidity which would have terrified me with apprehensions at any other time, but which I then hailed as a fortunate circumstance; for death would have been far preferable to a life of disgrace.—No longer able to conceal the baseness of his intentions, my depraved companion endeavoured to reconcile me to them, promising at the same time to marry me immediately after his father's death.

"Prayers and tears were alike un-availing:—in vain did I implore him to restore me to my beloved mother, in vain promise to conceal the atrocity of his conduct from her, if he would but convey me home.—As well might I have expected to stop the raging billows by the power of persuasion; for he called heaven to witness that no force should divide us, while he possessed life and strength.—Agony of mind, united to the closeness of the vehicle, at length completely overpowered my faculties: a cold dew overspread me; and I sunk, apparently lifeless, to the bottom of the carriage.—How long I remained in that state, madam, is uncertain: but, upon again becoming sensible of my wretched situation, I found myself supported in his arms. The blinds were let down, the windows all open, and the carriage was driving upon the banks of a river I had never seen before.—That we had changed horses, was evident, as I perfectly recollected the color of those I saw standing at the end of the lane:—the man likewise who forced me into the chaise, had left us; yet I had not the slightest recollection of those circumstances having taken place.

"Though my companion renewed his protestations of eternal constancy, yet there was an exultation in his manner of expressing them, which added to the horror of my feelings; and I was persuaded that nothing could prevent the accomplishment of his dreaded purpose, but the actual interposition of a merciful Providence.—Fervently did I commit myself to his protection, and devoutly implore his aid; for we soon turned into a bye road, where no probability of human assistance inspired a ray of hope in my agonised mind.—We again met a relay of horses; but I discovered that the drivers of them had been taught to believe me insane. In vain did I implore them to rescue me from premeditated destruction; for they seemed deaf to my entreaties, my tears, and my sighs."

"The moon shone with peculiar brightness; and, about half past three in the morning, we reached an extensive forest, in which I could perceive the turrets, of a building which appeared like a venerable castle.—To that abode the drivers were authoritatively directed: but, by a sudden turn, the hind wheel came in contact with an ancient oak; and the shock was so violent, that the carriage was overturned.—It went down on my companion's side, who, by falling upon his elbow, providentially for me, broke his arm. A violent scream announced the accident, and inspired the liveliest emotions of gratitude in my heart.—The carriage was too much injured to convey us to our destined habitation; yet it was with the greatest

difficulty Captain D*** could walk: but he ordered the drivers to secure my hands with a silk handkerchief—an office which they readily performed, as I have reason to believe the poor fellows actually thought me deranged.

"We were received by a man on whose countenance were depicted villany's indented lines; and even the pain which his employer evidently suffered, could not produce one sympathising look upon his hardened face.

"A female attendant was summoned to conduct me to my apartment, into which as soon as she had put me, she locked the door. She returned in about an hour with refreshments, which upon my refusing to take, she again retired, with the same precaution she had before observed.

"Having returned thanks to the Almighty for his interposition in my favor, I examined the apartment, in the hope of making my escape: but bars were so closely placed across the windows, that I could scarcely thrust my hand between.—Still my spirits did not entirely sink, as I could not avoid considering the accident as the fore-runner of my deliverance; and, exhausted by fatigue, I lay down on the bed prepared for me, and enjoyed some hours of refreshing sleep.

"Little practised as I had been in the art of deception, I was convinced it was the only method by which I could escape: therefore, in the morning, when she came to me, I appeared more reconciled, and inquired after my companion with a degree of interest which she might have imagined feigned.—Four days elapsed without any thing material happening, during which time I remained a close prisoner; when, in looking over some books which were in the closet, I fortunately discovered the key of a door. I eagerly applied it to the lock of my apartment, and, with a delight never to be forgotten, found it easily turn.—Like a miser, I pressed my treasure to my palpitating bosom, and, in an ecstasy of joy, offered up my fervent prayers and praises to God.—How impatiently did I long for the hour when the family were to retire to their chambers! but with what a mixture of delight and trepidation did I open my prison door! Fortunately, however, no one impeded my progress; and, as the clock of the castle struck one, I quitted its walls.—Though the moon was not very brilliant, yet its light was sufficient to conduct me out of the forest; and I continued walking until seven in the morning, when I came within sight of a solitary cottage.

"As I feared deception in every creature I might encounter, I at first resolved to avoid that abode: but I found myself so exhausted by exertion and fatigue, that I was totally un-able to proceed further, without some support.—A fabulous tale imposed upon the credulous cottager; and I never relished a breakfast half so much before: but, to my great distress, I found I was more than fifty miles distant from the dear abode of my beloved mother.—I continued walking without any refreshment until evening, when I was un-able to proceed. A small inn, or rather public house, invited me to enter, as a universal trembling seised my frame. The mistress of the humble dwelling received me with expressions of kindness and courtesy, and recommended me to retire to bed.—I did so, madam, and never left it, for the space of six weeks.

"All the money I was mistress of only amounted to five and twenty

shillings:—how trifling a sum for two months' attendance and care! for, until that period, I was not able to quit the ho[illegible]able roof.—With a generosity unprecedented, my benevolent landlady would only accept half the sum I was possessed of; and I again commenced my journey with twelve and sixpence to defray my expenses on the road.—No more, however, was I destined to meet with a being endowed with such angelic benevolence; for I encountered nothing but taunting insult and reproach; and want and weakness had combined to put a period to my sufferings, when Providence mercifully ordained that your ladyship should rescue me from both."

Here Eliza concluded her interesting narrative, which drew tears from the eyes of her sympathising auditress; and, to direct the amiable girl's thoughts into a more pleasing channel, Lady Mortimer laid down a plan she had formed for the future comfort of herself and mother.—The prospect of being restored to the arms of her attached mother, united to the effect of Doctor Cavendish's prescription, produced such a favorable alteration in the appearance of E'za, that, when habited the following morning in a loose robe of Miss Downing's, Lady Mortimer could scarcely recognise her.

To do justice to the affecting interview which took place between these fondly attached relatives is impossible; or to describe the secret satisfaction which expanded the bosom of the amiable Lady Mortimer; for she felt, that, though deprived of those dear connexions which had rendered life so desirable, yet, by possessing the power of practising universal benevolence, it was by no means destitute of charms.—By a deed which her ladyship had drawn up and signed, she put Mrs. Clarke into the immediate possession of an annuity of one hundred pounds, in addition to which, she made her a present of five and twenty, to pay any little debts her long illness might have incurred.

Upon taking leave of the grateful Mrs. Clarke and her daughter her ladyship promised to see them again, if she lived to return. She then stepped into her carriage, to pursue her journey into Devonshire, with more soothing sensations than she had experienced for several months.

(To be continued.) page 7

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 594 of the Supplement to our last Volume.)

What tombs are these, which open to the view? what immortal heroes issue from them, crowned with fresh unfaded laurels? In them the maturity of age is combined with the brilliant charms of eternal youth. Benefactors to mankind, they come a second time to create and improve human society: with a smile, they survey their tombs, which now close for-ever.

Homer!.... yes, 'tis he who sounds the heroic clarion: lo! fiery Mars bestows on valour the glorious meed! lo! in milder strains, Minerva conducts man through the mazy labyrinth of life, and guides his steps into the paths of wisdom and happiness. After Homer, no bard dares to raise the epic song; and the trumpet and the lyre remain for ages suspended and silent on his shrine; till at length the Mantuan swain boldly seises them, and calls forth sounds, whose melody enchants every ear.—Pindar! what

mortal shall dare to follow thee, soaring in thy audacious flight beyond the heavenly spheres?—Demosthenes opes his lips—and, more powerful than a monarch, he domineers over every mind—moulds each heart to his will—appalls the shrinking tyrant—and fires each soul with enthusiasm.—Brilliant with charms, Thalia displays the mask which she has torn from the face of man: smiling, she exposes to the broad eye of day the deformity of his secret foibles and vices—and crowns with new wreaths the busts of her comic votaries, who formerly shone in Greece and Rome.—Armed with a poigniard, and attended by the Passions, Melpomenè succeeds her, and in sublime and dignified strains gives severe lessons to the rulers of nations.—Pure ingenuous Virtue, assuming the features of Socrates, descends to hold familiar converse with mankind.—Tacitus presents the hideous portraits of tyrants, depicted by his bold and masterly pencil: he drags the shrinking monsters before that immense and formidable tribunal, where, as long as time shall endure, they are to hear their ignominious sentence each day pronounced by the united voices of indignant myriads from every nation under heaven.

At length the genius, who, under the name of Urania, formerly saw the incense smoke on his altars, thus addressed the heroes in prophetic strains—

"Generous warriors! you have here contemplated, in their works and their actions, a part of the great men to whom past ages gave existence. The time is now approaching, when the study of these models shall produce another race of superior mortals, who will long remain unrivaled; and it is from Italy, from Albion, from Germany, and from the banks of the Seine, that sounds shall issue, which will astonish and instruct the universe. The dark veil is at length rent, which shaded the most brilliant deeds of the benefactors to the human race: now rescued from oblivion, they shall henceforward live to all mankind. Already, at the voice of Columbus, a new world springs, as it were, from non-existence. Columbus! in another hemisphere thou hast erected a second throne to man, who proudly calls himself the lord of nature—a throne, which Spanish cruelty has polluted with blood.

"But man is about to rise to still superior greatness. The universe opens on his view: Reason extends her empire on every side: she penetrates into the abysses of the earth; she roams over the extended ocean; she soars sublime, and accompanies the revolving comets in their boundless excursions.

"Thou, Saturn, whose orb rolls at such a distance from our earth, in vain hast thou, during countless ages, concealed in the remote regions of infinite space the numerous satellites, and the vast ring, which illumine and decorate thee:—the searching eye of man will at length detect them, and will witness and record all their revolutions.

"Laborious Egypt! with the blood of thy sons hast thou cemented those enormous pyramids, which were destined to eternise thy mysterious lore engraven in emblematic characters on their sides: but a better art is now invented— an art, which will stamp immortality on the conceptions of mortal man. Instead of setting herself up as an oracle, and waiting till her votaries come to consult her from the extremities of the globe, Wisdom has herself undertaken the task of traveling among the human race, and emancipating them from the shackles of ignorance and error. Let that happy

art, the ready vehicle of all knowledge, be once exercised without restraint; and mankind will become indebted to it for the enjoyment of the greatest blessings in the gift of heaven—intellect and reason.

"Meanwhile every symptom announces that Nature is at this moment silently laboring to bring forth souls of superior mould. A great genius, to whom France shall give birth, will open and point out the road to the most astonishing of sciences; and thou, Albion! shalt justly pride thyself in having produced the man who is to be his successor. His hand regulates the balance which is to weigh the sun and the planets in their course. Already Nature is employed in blending the materials of her wondrous mirror, which she will resign to the same scientific hand. Decomposing the most subtile production of almighty power—separating a single ray of light into seven distinct rays presenting to the astonished eye the primitive colors—he will extend his piercing ken to examine the vast reservoir whence nature derives the different hues to paint the various objects throughout the universe: and the last step of this giant in the career that he has trod, will there plant a boundary, which it is uncertain whether man will ever be able to excede.

"I could announce the progress of the human mind in other sciences—the lightning snatched from heaven—the fire, that animating principle of nature, elicited from its secret abode, and sportively playing before the eyes of man—the elements descomposed—the invisible air flowing in water—another planet discovered, and the empire of the sun extended in the regions of heaven—fabulous recitals realised—man sailing through the air—new wings added to the voice of Fame, and rendering him, as it were, present in different places at the same instant. But—what is much more worthy to fix your attention—taking Nature for his guide, and directing his steps by the light of her torch, he will penetrate the gloomy recesses, where, since the commencement of time, Tyranny and Superstition have been wont to fabricate their idols. He discovers how dangerous, how contemptible they are: he boldly strikes at them, and dissipates those ancient and monstrous phantoms which himself had consecrated, and before which he had bowed the knee, forgetful of his native dignity. An eloquent philosopher will impart to mankind a knowledge of their rights; another, on a different theatre, will level superstition and tyranny in the dust. A new luminary arises, to enlighten the earth: from the horizin of France he first pours forth his orient beam: in his course he visits the entire globe: the swarthy sons of Afric adore him in astonishment—enraptured to cultivate with the hand of freedom that soil on which they were born slaves.—Oh! may that glorious luminary enliven every object that lies within the compass of his immense orbit!"

In the rapid transition from a great to a still greater enchantment, the time had imperceptibly elapsed—nor were the warriors conscious of its duration; but, Aurora now beginning to gild the summits of the neighbouring hills, they return to the camp; and the genii wing their way to their native skies.

Absorpt in the sentiments excited within their breasts by the wondrous spectacle they had witnessed, the Gallic and Batavian heroes walked along in silent meditation. William, surrounded by his brothers and several other chiefs, was the first to break the solemn silence.

"And is it here alone," said he, "that we shall exert our efforts in laboring to humble the pride of Spain? Is it not in sight of the Belgic towers that we ought to display our courage? We have at this moment seen ourselves surrounded by our ancestors—those chiefs who were the supporters of our country: their glorious images have presented themselves to our sight, as if to reproach our inactivity. It behoves us to equal their exploits—even to surpass them. But the Belgian, whose rights they defended, was ever ready to second them in their enterprises: and can he now be deficient in spirit, at the moment when his utmost valour is necessary to enable him to triumph? Ah! even if he were, still might the example of our courage stimulate him to vigorous exertion. Barneveldt, it is said, yet breathes the vital air, and travels from province to province, for the purpose of fanning the flame of liberty in the hearts of his compatriots: but why, Barneveldt! dost thou not personally direct thy voice to us?—Away then with all further delay! let us go ourselves, and excite the zeal of our countrymen: let us convince them that Liberty, whom our enemies flatter themselves they can insult with impunity, is not yet destitute of avengers."

Coligni, a witness of the poignant solicitude which preys on the minds of the Belgian heroes, participates in all their sentiments: but, having received information that their fellow citizens will soon give them proofs of their courage, he delays not to impart to them the grateful tidings; and, foreseeing that the day is not far distant when a separation is to take place between him and them, he invites them to a rural entertainment, prepared for their gratification previous to their departure.

Within the extensive lines of the camp, stood a retired hamlet; and, near to it, an asylum, which Nature had embellished with her most attractive charms, and which the rude hand of war had respected. While the circumjacent fields presented the image of general desolation—while the Loire, stained with blood and covered with floating corses, hurried from the appalling scene,—here the Naiads, who dwelt secure under the cool shade of the groves that surrounded this enchanting valley, poured forth from their silver urns peaceful and pellucid streams. As soon as the thunders of war had ceased to roar, the feathered inmates of the place returned to their wonted haunts, and soon joined their soothing melody in concert with the grateful murmurs of the passing brooks and the whispering foliage. The perfumes which floated in the air, while they gratified the sense, extended their balmy influence to the mind: nature penetrated the inmost recesses of the soul, and lulled it to calm repose. The chiefs had consecrated this favored spot to the enjoyment of friendly converse; and it was there they delighted to give vent to the overflowings of the heart.

Coligni conducted his Belgian friends to this valley, where a feast awaited them, prepared by the hands of Nature herself. Shaken by the light breath of Zephyr, the trees shed a shower of refreshing fruits on the verdant sward, while the goblets o'erflow with the mantling juice of the vine, mingled with the pure water of the fountains. A young rural nymph presents the warriors with flowery garlands, while the village swains offer to them the choicest produce of the fields.

During the feast, soft melody is heard to resound from the encircling groves; and soon the assembled te-

nants of the hamlet are seen to advance with measured step through the thicket—invited to the feast, and headed by two lovers, whom mutual passion and the generous hand of Coligni unite on this happy day. Wreaths of flowers bind their temples, wanton in the wind with their flowing locks, and form around them a pleasing chain.

"O rural train!" said the Batavians within themselves—"who deserve to be happy, but are crushed by injustice and oppression—a single glimpse of nature and of happiness banishes the recollection of your misfortunes. Like the tranquil and limpid brook, which to day retains no trace of the passing torrents that yesterday disturbed its peaceful stream, nor anticipates the effects of those which will to morrow pour in upon it from the mountains—your hearts, the abode of spotless innocence, expand to the enjoyment of present bliss, unsolicitous of past or future ills."

With gladdened eyes and delighted hearts, the warriors contemplate the pure joy of the village train, and for a moment forget their own misfortunes, and the crimes which inundate the world. They raise the hymenæal song, to celebrate the blissful union of these lovers, whose virtue is honored by their whole village: they wish to them and their descendents a full portion of felicity un-alloyed by sorrow or care—promise to concur by their efforts in procuring them that happy lot—and, now serving them in turn, present the village throng with delicious fruits, and goblets sparkling with the rich produce of the grape. Their humble guests, on the other hand, pour forth their ardent vows in favor of the warriors; and the pure incense of their heart-felt prayers is acceptable in the sight of heaven, and wafted by ministering angels to the Almighty's throne.

And now the feast is succeeded by rural dances, in which several of the Gallic and Batavian chiefs take a part: the green-sward gently quivers under their measured steps: the warblers of the grove redouble their strains in emulation of the louder notes of the flute: the rivulets roll their waters in harmonious cadence; and the listening Echoes, in their distant haunts, seem with responsive tread to strike the ground.

(To be continued.)

The Brothers; *a Moral Tale.*

(Continued from page 560 of our last Volume.)

CHAP. VI.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
  How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere;
  The good alone are great.

Ode on Lord Hay's Birth-day.

It may now be proper to return to the innocent cause of the dissension between the two noble representatives of the house of Saint-Villiers—to Lady Rossford, in short, whose surprise at his lordship's proposals was only exceeded by the mortification which they occasioned to her disappointed suitor. Her ladyship's rejection was however immediate, and given in such terms as assured her ancient adorer, that there was not a shadow of hope for him to rely upon, while the post immediately antecedent to that which conveyed her denial to the father, carried her desire of delay to the son.

Every fear of lord Saint-Villiers being now confirmed, a conviction of the folly of having promulgated his expectations was added to their disappointment; and no extenuation arose in favor of the man to whom it was owen. Vengeance—the only passion his lordship had now the pow-

er of gratifying—he, however, resolved to appease. He therefore immediately ordered his steward to inform the person, "*hitherto called Frederic Saint-Villiers,*" that he must no longer retain that name, which would instantly be assumed by the gentleman who alone was entitled to it, as the issue of a prior marriage to that of the lady, hitherto supposed his lordship's *only* wife.

This astonishing intimation was immediately communicated to Lord Blenmore, who vainly attempted to dive into the mystery, by interrogating the messenger. The man, however, was not in the secret, and knew nothing beyond the statement which he had been directed to make.

The more Lord Blenmore and Frederic revolved this message in their minds, the more inexplicable it appeared; for, even supposing these newly-avowed nuptials could be substantiated, still it would not bastardise the issue of a subsequent marriage, or do more than subvert his right of eldership: for, to suppose any deception, where Miss Newcombe (Frederic's mother) was concerned, seemed highly improbable, as she had been a lady both of family and fortune.

It was at last agreed that the most advisable step was for the earl to wait upon Lord Saint-Villiers, who received him with civility, but affected to make a merit of deigning to be questioned on his family affairs.

This merit, however, Lord Blenmore did not seem disposed to acknowledge, as he said, "a matter of such importance as the heirship of the Saint-Villiers title and estates, could not be relinquished on mere assertion, unsupported by proof; nor were sons to be shifted like the scenes in a theatre, by putting them back or bringing them forward at the pleasure of the mover.

"'Tis all very just, my lord," said the Viscount, with an assenting bow; "and I think you may be well assured I should not, without having incontrovertible proofs to bring forward, and the strongest conviction of the legality of such a procedure, submit the most private transactions of my life to the censure of the public."

He then, with an assumed air of candor, proceeded to state the circumstances. He had, while at the the university, been entrapped into a private marriage, of which one son was the result; and the affair afterwards coming to the knowledge of his family, he was sent abroad; after which, he never received any letter from his wife, who, it was settled, should continue in retirement during his absence. At first her silence made him uneasy; but a succession of new objects insensibly diverted his attention, and at length so completely abstracted his mind, that he heard from his father without much concern that both his wife and child were dead; and therefore, instead of having upon his return to acknowledge himself as a *Benedict*, the husband of a young woman, who would neither have improved his fortune nor increased his consequence, he was spared the humiliation of such an avowal, and freed from all shackles.

After this, he was engrossed by politics and pleasures, till at length, with the approbation of his family, he married Miss Newcombe, the mother of Frederic, and succeeded to the title by his father's death in the same year.

"A few months subsequent to this," continued the Viscount, "I was astonished by the re-appearance of my first wife, who explained it

by saying, that she had, immediately after my departure, been placed, by my father's orders, in a remote part of Scotland, where she bore me a second child, who died soon after his birth:—that she had been in every respect kindly treated, and only distressed by the failure in my correspondence, which was at length accounted for by my father informing her that I had died of a fever in France, and saying, that, as she could not prove her claims as my widow, she must remain in obscurity; but that, while she did so, she should be supported in every comfort she could wish for. A liberal allowance was made to the people she lived with; and she remained as contented as a person in affliction could be, till, upon the late lord's death, all remittances ceased. The family slackened in attention, and at length told her they could not afford to keep her and her child any longer, unless she could procure some money from me.—This," continued his lordship, "was like a ray of light to Matilda: she hastened to London, and found me out.

"Here *my* difficulties commenced. I felt for Lady Saint-Villiers's situation, as a very hard one. I knew her brother, Colonel Newcombe, was so hot-headed a man, that, should the affair blaze out, nothing but the most fatal consequences could ensue:—besides, though my first wife was an excessive pretty woman, she was a mere rustic; and I should have been ashamed to present to the world such a proof of my early folly.

"In fine," pursued his lordship, "these reflexions determined me how to act:—I knew my own influence, and how powerful the revival of a first love in a female heart would be. I stated to Matilda every consideration, except those arising from her own deficiencies:—I assured her of a support more ample than her original situation could have led her to expect. I promised every indulgence she could wish for, if she would but acquiesce in the concealment, which my peace, character, and safety, equally demanded. I asked her what happiness she could expect in destroying these, while, on the contrary, such a generous proof of her confidence and affection would bind me to her for ever. —It is unnecessary further to explain all the methods by which I succeeded in carrying my point: and it is universally known, that, at that period, a lady resided under my protection, who had the most unlimited influence over myself and my fortune. Her *rights* were the only part of the affair that remained concealed.—Lady Saint-Villiers was no stranger to the connexion, and was upon the point of demanding a separation, when the object of her jealousy was removed in giving birth to a daughter, at a beautiful villa which I had purchased for her near the capital.—A hope of securing my attentions to herself prevented Lady Saint-Villiers from executing her intention; but all cordiality was at an end between us; and, thus alienated from Frederic's mother, I never felt the same degree of paternal affection for him, as I did for my other two children, of whom the younger died at four years old; but the boy has always been owned and educated as my son. Matilda repeatedly pressed me, previous to her decease, to do justice to her offspring, if it could be effected, consistently with my own safety. Sir John Newcombe, his son, and daughter, all died within the space of seven years: and nothing but a weak compassion for Frederic has with-held me from performing a so-

lemn act of justice. His general bad conduct, and some late flagrant behaviour on his side, have, however, at length decided my resolution of putting in his place a much worthier young man, from whom I may expect the duty of a son: and I have only to remark, that, while the world, and your lordship among others, thought proper to condemn me for the obscurity in which I was educating Frederic, you were little aware of the precarious tenure by which he held his supposed rights in society, and that it was better he should not, by early association with other noblemen's sons, acquire ideas which he might possibly never be enabled to realise."

His lordship added, that he could bring a witness of his marriage with Matilda Williams, and show a certificate from the clergyman who performed the ceremony (in Scotland), though his death some years since would prevent a personal testimony, should either Frederic or his friends be so ill advised as to embroil themselves in legal procedures. For his own part, he continued, he should not regret their doing so, as it would be the most irrefragable mode of establishing the legitimacy of the young man, whose equivocal situation hitherto had occasioned him much disquiet.

This tale was so ingeniously invented, that Lord Blenmore was totally at a loss what to think. —It has been before said that Lord Blenmore was more strict in preserving appearances, than rigid in his principles. He could not avoid seeing, that, however it might be glossed over, there had been a mean, unmanly duplicity in Lord Saint-Villiers's conduct: yet he did not exactly know how he himself might have acted in a similar situation; and accordingly, after having listened in silence to the extraordinary narrative that had been given, he departed without making any comment.

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page 594. of the Supplement to our last Volume.*)

Miss Lenox, to Miss Campbell.

Beaumont Lodge.

MR. La Roche, my sweet cousin, is the most charming old man I ever met with. Misfortune has tinged his features with an air of languor, that is inexpressibly interesting. When I approach him, I feel that his sorrows are contagious. When I sing to him, he gazes on me with such a look of placid melancholy, that my tones relax and I can with difficulty make myself heard. Yet is he pleased—nay, expresses himself delighted—with my efforts to amuse him; while Lord and Lady Beaumont repeatedly thank me for the good effect they are pleased to say my company has had on their beloved La Roche.—And now, my cousin, my dear cousin, let me acquaint you with a most interesting transaction with regard to myself.

You well know, that, from my birth, my hand was destined for Lord Beaumont's son and heir. You likewise know the untoward situation of my mind with regard to this projected match. Well then, prepare to hear a piece of un-expected intelligence. Mr. Fortescue has refused the hand of your Matilda, and, by this refusal, given a freedom to my mind, which before it never knew. I breathe a new creature: I feel as if I were a different being. My soul felt confined under the shackles that were imposed upon me; and I was dissatisfied with myself on account of a repugnance, for

for which could I assign no rational cause. But, to avoid tautology as much as possible, I will relate, as nearly as my memory will permit, the conversation that passed between Lady Beaumont and me, and that in which Mr. Fortescue finally refused to accept me for his wife. His sentiments on this occasion were so entirely in unison with mine, that I felt convinced in my own mind that I was not worthy of him. I really am not worthy of him, my dear cousin. Tender, generous, and every way accomplished, he surely deserves a better fate, than to be united to one who could make no other return to the most animated passion, than cold indifference.

On my arrival at the Lodge, I was received with those warm expressions of regard which I always have experienced from this respectable family.—Fortescue's face glowed, as usual, with an expression of love and pleasure at the sight of me.—Lady Beaumont, taking me by the hand, led me toward a most elegant-looking middle-aged man, saying, "Behold, in this young lady, my dear Mr. La Roche, the daughter of my most valued and beloved friend."—Her ladyship expressed herself in such a strain of panegyric as dyed my cheeks with crimson. Mr. La Roche saluted me in a tender and affectionate manner, and made me many polite and well-turned compliments. For some time, our whole attention was so devoted to Mr. La Roche, that there was no opportunity for any particular conversation, till one morning when Lady Beaumont and I were alone in her dressing-room. I was amusing myself with placing some fresh-gathered flowers in their vases. Her ladyship looked at me very intently for some time without speaking: at last, laying her hand on mine, she asked me if I would candidly and sincerely answer a very important question which she should take the liberty of proposing to me. I was at first startled at the seriousness of her manner: but her fine countenance expressed so much complacency and affection, that, pressing her hand in mine, I answered, "My dear Lady Beaumont cannot ask me a question that I will not most cheerfully answer."—"I believe you, my sweet girl. Do you then, Miss Lenox, love my son? or is your heart inclined to give a preference to any other? Be free with me, my dear young friend; and believe me, when I assure you that I have your happiness as much at heart as my own children's. It is true, it has been my first wish to connect those interests: but, if this cannot be, it shall be my study to promote your happiness separately."

Her ladyship was standing. I felt my face glow: I led her to a chair, and begged of her to be seated.—"I am very glad, my dear lady," said I, "that you have entered on this subject. I wished very much to lay open my whole heart to you: to you I can have no reserve. I love your ladyship so well, and have so high an opinion of your knowledge of the wanderings of a female heart, that I can readily trust you with all the emotions of mine, and, in my future conduct, will be guided by your advice.—First then, madam, I tell you, and I tell you true, that I have never yet seen the man whom I could prefer to Mr. Fortescue. And yet I have wished—I will be candid, my lady—I have wished that my parents had not, so very early in life, provided a lover for their daughter. In my cradle, with almost as much solemnity as attends the disposal of a princess, I was betrothed to the heir of Lord Beau-

mont, ere he saw the light. Mr. Fortescue, as he advanced in years, professed to me that the wishes of his heart were in unison with the designs of our respective friends. He told me—and he spoke with an ardor which convinced me that he spoke truth—that he loved me, and that he hoped my bosom beat with the same sensations as his.—Lord and Lady Granville had very generously, with the equally generous Lord and Lady Beaumont, assured us that they meant to lay no restraint on our inclinations, but that we were free to choose for ourselves; that the happiness of their children was their first consideration; that they wished to promote a reciprocity of affection between us, not to command us to marry each other, if it should not be mutually the wish of both parties. Happiness thus in my power—friends so condescending—could I, like a wayward child, give a negative, I knew not why—disappoint the dearest wishes of my father and mother, without having one rational reason to assign for my refusal?—I could not; and therefore I received the addresses of Mr. Fortescue. Yet I was not happy: I was not satisfied with myself.—Is love, my dear Lady Beaumont, a reality? or is it only an empty visionary vapor, formed to delude our frail sex? Your son has convinced me, Madam, that he feels that passion: his tender, his pathetic complaints of my coldness and indifference—the variations of his countenance—the tremor of his hands—the faultering of his voice—all tell me that his soul is agitated by emotions, to which mine is yet a stranger.—Or, have I formed too high, too romantic an idea of love?—Yet, surely, if ever the enthusiasm of that passion is allowable, it must be in your son and me. Fortune has blessed us with every good thing which this world can give; and heaven has animated the bosom of Mr. Fortescue with a tender and refined sentiment, without which, I cannot help thinking that life is but a void. —Thus, my beloved Lady Beaumont, have I opened to you my whole soul. Be you my guide, my directress. Do you think it possible for me to make your son happy? If you think I can—if he still wishes me to be his—I will give him my hand, and all that I can command of my heart; and, if I know my own mind, I think, that, when once inseparably united to him, there can be no fear of my entertaining a predilection for any other man."

Lady Beaumont listened with the most attentive patience to my long harangue, to which she made the following reply. "My sweet Matilda! my dear ingenuous girl! how I am delighted to find that you have no real objection to Fortescue! He must, he cannot but be happy with you; and you will be equally so; or, believe me, I would not urge you to this marriage. Those little nice distinctions you have made, originate in youth and susceptibility of soul: but trust me, my dear Miss Lenox, when I tell you that too much refinement is oftener productive of misery than of happiness. You have seen a variety of gentlemen, many of whom were my son's equals in every respect—some, possibly, his superiors: yet you have avowed that you never saw one among them, whom you could prefer to Fortescue. You esteem, you regard him before all others: he fondly loves you.—it is a connexion most anxiously wished for by all your friends. Shall then, my dear young friend, this flattering prospect of happiness be sacrificed to a vain chimæra, to your too delicate scruples?—You say, my love, that you feel none of those

embarrassments at the sight of Fortescue, which seem to agitate him whenever you appear; that you are a stranger to those fluttering sensations, which, in your opinion, characterise a real passion. Yet this may be accounted for: and you may not be insensible to your lover's attachment. You have been intimately acquainted with each other from childhood: You have long known his sentiments for you: the unreserved familiarity of a long acquaintance naturally banishes all reserve. Accustomed to look on him as your lover, you could not possibly feel those doubts and uncertainties, which, in any other situation, might have perplexed and agitated your gentle bosom.—I hope my reasoning is not partial. I have endeavoured to forget that I am Fortescue's mother, and am at this moment only the very sincere friend of Miss Lenox, respecting whose future happiness I am most anxiously concerned—a happiness, which I think I promote, by advising you to give your hand to my son. Thus, my dear Matilda, with the same candor as you opened your mind to me, have I delivered to you my sentiments. Still you are free: let your own heart direct you; and be assured, that, whatever may be your final determination, you will never be less dear to me than at this moment."

Dear, generous good Lady Beaumont!—My reason was convinced of the force and justness of her arguments. I assured her ladyship, that Mr. Fortescue should find no more unnecessary delays from me to the speedy celebration of our nuptials. I had now made this most amiable woman happy:—could I be otherwise myself? But this heart, this wayward heart of mine still sighed, my beloved Campbell—I knew not why.—At dinner, I dreaded to meet the joyous glances of Mr. Fortescue: for I had no doubt that her ladyship had communicated to him our conversation: and the idea of the satisfaction which I thought would animate his countenance, was somehow or other offensive to me. I therefore sat some time without venturing to raise my eyes toward my lover:—at last by accident my eyes met his: but how was I surprised, when, instead of the joyous satisfaction which I expected to see sparkle in his face, an air of pensive languor was impressed on every feature! Astonished at this, I with more freedom looked up at him: but, for the first time, Mr. Fortescue turned his fine eyes from me; though, in so doing, I heard a sigh escape him. This transformation, so un-accountable to me, employed my mind so entirely, that I retired from table as soon as I could, and went into the garden, there to indulge more freedom of thought. I had not long been there, before Mr. Fortescue joined me. We were both for some moments too much embarrassed to enter into conversation, till my lover, recollecting himself, with his face in a glow, thus addressed me—"My ever dear Miss Lenox! the auspicious moment, so long, so ardently wished for on my side, is at last arrived, in which you have sweetly, kindly promised to name the day that will make me the happiest of men. Lady Beaumont has related to me the conversation that has passed between you, and has assured me, that, from the unreserved confidence you have placed in her, she is convinced that you honor her son with your affection, and that you too, my sweet friend, have no longer any doubts with regard to your attachment to me. If this was real, I would not

exchange situations with the first of men on this side heaven. But this cannot be: you do not love me, Miss Lenox. This one sentence conveys more conviction to my mind, than the most eloquent of my mother's arguments. You do not love me, my dear Matilda! your heart at this moment bears witness to the truth of these few expressive words. This hand, this dear hand then, fondly as I have ever loved you, will be of no value to me. I must be a wretch indeed, that could wish to shackle a mind so ingenuous and free as yours, with fetters that death only can loosen. Be free then, my amiable Miss Lenox—free as air. Let me be your first, your dearest friend: but never can I be your husband. For my sake then, my ever charming friend, give not your valuable hand in marriage, till you meet with a man for whom your heart will beat with those tumultuous sensations which now agonise mine." —Perceiving that I was so greatly affected, that I had not power to answer him, he proceeded—"Let me remove every trace of uneasiness from those lovely features. We shall all be happy, my Matilda. Our friends are generous: they will not murmur at our conduct. You have every reason to be satisfied with yourself; you have done more than half your sex would have thought necessary, to comply with the wishes of your friends. And, to make your generous mind easy on my account, I think I shall be happy now this affair is finally terminated between us —much happier, than with the doubts and fears, which, if united to you, would, I am well convinced, for ever torture my bosom. And, what is more, I do not give over my hopes of being happy in the matrimonial state.—I am sensible of the improbability of my meeting with a woman, possessed of half your accomplishments, who will think favorably of me: but, if I can meet with a kind and gentle fair one, who can love me for myself alone, she shall find that I am not insensible.—Let me then, my dear and amiable friend, see you smile and be happy: and believe me, it is the first and dearest wish of my soul to contribute to your felicity."

Good God! my Campbell! can I describe the various emotions which at this moment agitated my heart? How amiable, how very amiable did Mr. Fortescue appear! The gratitude, the esteem, with which I always beheld him, was at that moment, I thought, heightened into a tenderer sentiment. I reproached myself for a capriciousness in my disposition, which could disappoint the dearest wishes of two families, so dearly beloved by me, and which deprived me of a man so worthy in every respect as Mr. Fortescue. That generous man saw the uneasy situation of my mind, and most kindly and affectionately soothed and composed my perturbed spirits.—Lady Beaumont—the kind, the benevolent Lady Beaumont, when we met, was more attentive to me than ever. Even My Lord, whom his son had apprised that the connexion between us was at an end, pressed my hand with his usual benevolence, and told me, that, though he was greatly mortified at not having me for his daughter, he could not, even had he wished it, love me less.

At night, when I retired to rest, the transactions of the day appeared to me so wonderful, that sleep, as you may suppose, was banished from my eyes.—What a strange, un-accountable creature must I be, who, even at the moment when Fortescue appeared in the highest

point of view in my eyes, could feel satisfaction in the idea of his renouncing me for ever! Yet I was sensible, that I had sacrificed a real and permanent good to an enthusiastic visionary prospect.—Mr. Fortescue was most certainly my sincere and disinterested lover: it is very, very improbable that I should meet with one equally so.—Lovers I shall most certainly have: my grandfather's estate, independent of my rank, and what my father may do for me, will procure me plenty of professional lovers: but to these mercenary suitors I can never give a heart which I refused to Mr. Fortescue. And, as I have been so unfortunate as to disappoint the hopes of Lord and Lady Granville, whatever may be the feelings of my wayward heart, I will never give my hand in marriage, but with their full consent and approbation. This is a determination I have solemnly vowed in my own mind.

I have received a most kind and affectionate letter from my considerate mother, in which there is not expressed the least complaint or regret at what is past. Lady Louisa smiles and tells me, that this is, to her, the most mysterious piece of business imaginable; that her ideas are not sufficiently enlarged to distinguish the friendship and regard I have ever professed for Fortescue from what is usually accounted love —or, what is still more perplexing to her, to find out the motive that could actuate her cousin to refuse the hand of the woman whom she knew he loved so well. All this, she says, is strange, wondrous strange.—Perhaps, some time or other, she may have a better idea of it, than she has at present.

Mr. Fortescue is gone, for a few days, to his uncle Lord Ossenvor's. He told me, before he went, in an accent, half grave, half gay, that he had been so long accustomed to address me as a lover, that the more distant character of a friend appeared rather awkward to him at first; but that he flattered himself, that a short separation would restore him to me as a friend, and as a friend only.

Beaumont Lodge will soon be thinned of its inhabitants. My gay brother is collecting company from far and near, to celebrate, at the Abbey, the approaching festival of his coming to age.—Mr. La Roche is going to France, to settle his affairs, previous to his quitting that kingdom entirely.—My Lord Beaumont accompanies him.—I shall bring with me to the Abbey Lady Beaumont, and my lovely friend, Lady Louisa Falkland, the earl and countess her father and mother, with her brother Lord Stanley, and the Mr. Fortescues.—A multiplicity of beaux, my brother's friends, I find, are expected. Therefore, my pretty cousin, take care of your heart! Excuse the exorbitant length of this tedious scroll, the conclusion of which, I flatter myself, you will believe—that I am most affectionately yours, MATILDA LENOX.

(To be continued.)

BENEDICT; *a true History.*

(Continued from page 566 of our last Volume.)

WHEN the carriage stopped at the door, I was met by my friend Pemberton, on whose dejected countenance was impressed the most heartfelt sorrow. "Oh! Henry! how sensibly do I feel this more than kindness!—but, alas! my friend, all hope is at an end!" Here tears prevented him from proceeding; and, putting his arm within mine, he conducted me into the drawing-room.—"Doctor R***," said he, leading me towards an elderly gen-

tleman, whom I instantly recognised as a celebrated physician.

"You are come to a melancholy house, sir, and upon a most affecting occasion," said the doctor. "Would to heaven I had been favored with Mrs. Pemberton's confidence, when I was first summoned here; for I then should have indulged a hope that your immediate presence might have been of essensial use: but the fever has been so rapidly increasing within the last twenty-four hours, that the cheering influence of hope is nearly lost."

Had I been accused of deliberate murder, my spirits could scarcely have received a severer shock; for I had flattered myself that the feelings of a mother had magnified the danger; and I must have appeared like a man who was horror-struck.—Pemberton, who, upon introducing me to the physician, had quitted the room to conceal the violence of his agitation, returned in a few minutes, to inform me it was his mother's wish I should walk up stairs.—I had previously been informed by Doctor R*** that the violent paroxysms of delirium were succeeded by a total insensibility to surrounding objects, and that the sensitive faculties were either stupefied by opium, or were gradually yielding to the hand of death.—I therefore unhesitatingly obeyed the summons: but how shall I paint the anguish of my feelings, when I beheld the so lately blooming sufferer stretched to all appearance upon a death-bed!—Her azure eyes were fixed upon vacancy: her respiration was at once short and weak; and a cold dew stood upon her forehead, which her agonised mother, kneeling, wiped away.

I caught the hand of that mother, and pressed it to my bosom; for I found myself un-able to speak:—but, recovering myself in a few moments, I kindly repeated the expiring angel's name.

"She looks not! she hears not!" exclaimed the afflicted Mrs. Pemberton. "O God! give me strength to support this trying scene! In mercy, O almighty father! restore the comfort of my existence! spare, oh! spare the life of my beloved child!"—Doctor R***, who had followed me into the apartment, gently roused the afflicted mourner from her knees, saying, "For your own and your child's sake, my dear madam, I conjure you to repress that emotion, which it is so natural for you to feel.—The pulse has acquired strength within the last forty minutes—which I consider as a favorable symptom: and, if the last medicine I administered takes the effect of producing slumbers, I shall then hope the climax of the disease is over.—Still, my dear madam, it is necessary to act with the greatest caution, and carefully avoid the slightest agitation."

While the humane physician was speaking, the exhausted patient closed her languid eyes; when, gently drawing the curtains, he desired the nurse to remain at the bedside; and positively ordered every other person immediately to leave the room.—The anxious mother instantly retired to her own apartment, to offer up her petitions to the throne of grace; and, for three successive hours, we all remained in a suspended state of hope and expectation, more exquisitely agitated than language can describe.

Though the afflicted Mrs. Pemberton had obeyed the doctor's injunctions, yet she found it impossible to remain long in her apartment; but, placing herself at the door of her beloved daughter's chamber, she remained there motionless, and al-

most afraid to breathe.—At length a gentle ring roused us all from our melancholy meditations: every heart alternately palpitated with hope, and trembled with dread.—"Do not attempt to go up stairs, sir," said the doctor, perceiving me rise hastily from the sofa. "It is possible this sleep may have restored the intellects; and the un-expected sight of *you* might produce an agitation that would totally destroy the effect of the medicine."

Upon saying this, the doctor quitted us, but returned in about ten minutes with a countenance that excited the most pleasing expectation, though we were so eager in our inquiries that we would hardly allow him time to satisfy them.—"I have the happiness of telling you, my patient is evidently better; though her replies to my questions are still incoherent; notwithstanding which, I am of opinion she knows her mother: but much, very much, depends upon composure and quiet."

In compliance with the urgent entreaties of Mrs. Pemberton, the skilful disciple of Æsculapius consented to remain until the following morning: and, as both Pemberton and myself were prohibited from entering the invalid's chamber, about half past one we retired to bed.—It was then that I began to take a retrospect of the last seventeen hours.—What a change—what a melancholy change had taken place in my situation!—but, alas! there was no change in my tenderness and regard!—On the morning of the preceding day, I had been fondly anticipating my beloved—my adored Louisa's return:—imagination had painted her rewarding the fervency of my attachment, by acknowledging a reciprocal regard.—But no longer dared I venture to cherish the dear delusion—no longer must I think of Louisa Delemere but as a friend.—I had sacredly promised to marry Mariann Pemberton, if it pleased the Almighty to restore her health.—Yet alas! in what manner was I likely to fulfil this most sacred of all engagements? was I going to vow eternal love and constancy to one woman, when my whole soul was devoted to another? Shocking thought!—impious profanation of an institution which had been hallowed by the presence of the son of God!

The most miserable wretch that crawls on earth, never felt anguish more insupportable than that which I endured:—but, after some time pacing the room in a kind of phrensied agony, I addressed my prayers to that being, who alone is able to compose a perturbed state of mind, and soon had the comfort of finding my feelings become more tranquillised.—Sleep, however, was a stranger to my eyelids; and I arose again, as the clock struck six; and, hearing some person enter the adjoining room in which Doctor R*** had been sleeping, I naturally concluded that the innocent object of my anxiety and suffering was worse than when we retired to rest.

Dreadful as was the idea of resigning my Louisa, yet most fervently had I prayed for the recovery of Mariann; and most sacredly had I formed the resolution of offering that amiable girl my hand.—With trembling agitation, I quitted my apartment, and, gently tapping at the doctor's door, found him busily employed in preparing for his departure, and putting on his great coat.

"I congratulate you, sir," said he, in the most animated accents:—"my patient has slept composedly, until within this half hour: the

fever has materially abated; and her perceptive faculties are restored. —She is extremely weak, as must be expected; but I have ventured to mention *your name* to her: I informed her that you had heard of her indisposition, and had sent an express to inquire after her; and, as I was compelled to return immediately to London, I had nominated you as my successor; and had actually written a note to that purpose, by the messenger.—You have now, therefore, only to calculate the exact time a man would be returning to Winchester, recollecting, that you must not measure the speed of a lover by the same standard; and, thus prepared, you may make your appearance, under pretence of *my* orders."

So saying, this able physician shook me cordially by the hand, wishing me the enjoyment of every happiness that the marriage state could give.—I accompanied him down stairs, where I was met by Mrs. Pemberton, whose sudden transition from the depth of misery, to the summit of happiness, was strongly depicted on her expressive countenance.—"Oh! my dear Henry! what do we not owe to the unexampled skill of Doctor R***? I shall ever consider him as an agent acting under the immediate hand of Providence.—Indeed, my best friend," she continued, pressing the hand of the doctor, "my gratitude will end but with my life; and, if the Almighty in mercy grants the perfect recovery of my beloved daughter, I shall never look at her, without feeling the force of my obligation."

Though, during the whole of the day, there was no return of delirium, and the fever gradually decreased, yet Mrs. Pemberton informed me towards the close of it, that her beloved daughter appeared extremely un-easy and restless; and, fancying it might be occasioned by anticipating *my* arrival, I prepared to appear as if I had traveled express.—To every external sound, the attached girl appeared attentive: we had therefore some difficulty in getting the carriage out of the coach-house: but, by spreading a quantity of straw, and using the greatest precaution, the servants wheeled it under her windows; and, having conveyed it to a proper distance, the horses were harnessed, and it drove rapidly up to the Lodge. —Scarcely was the step let down, and the door fastened, when Mariann's bell rang with violence. I flew up stairs:—the anxious mother met me in the antechamber, saying, "She is so dreadfully agitated, you had better instantly come in."

A death-like paleness overspread her once blooming countenance:—as I approached the bed, she extended toward me her emaciated hand. —"How kind this is!" said she, in a faultering accent, at the same time bursting into a flood of tears.

"Dearest Mariann! do not agitate your feelings, if you value Mrs. Pemberton's and my peace," I replied, pressing her hand to my bosom, and imprinting upon it a tender embrace.—For several days, the amiable girl continued in what might be termed a very critical state; during which time, I was only permitted to visit her twice in the day: for, though the unbounded affection she felt for me, rendered her desirous of my presence, yet the chaste delicacy of her feelings pointed out the impropriety of my remaining long in her bed-room.—The pleasure, however, which beamed in her languid eyes whenever I entered the apartment, and the dejection which was visible when I bade her adieu, convinced me that

this sacrifice to the rules of decorum cost her many a pang.—At length she was enabled to quit her apartment, and recline upon a sofa in the dressing-room; and then I felt the actual necessity of making a formal declaration.—She received it with a mixture of joy and timidity, which at once rendered her more lovely and interesting.—"Why should I attempt to deceive you," said the artless Mariann, "after having been no longer able to deceive myself?—Can it be a crime to admire merit, or to love virtue, when adorned with the most attractive grace?—Surely not: but yet, my dear Henry, I cannot be blind to my own imperfections: I am not worthy to possess a heart so transcendently good.—I fear too, I greatly fear, it has some prior attachment, and that sympathy alone would supply the place of love."

To have deceived the lovely being who by her ingenuousness had a double claim upon my confidence, was impossible.—I therefore frankly acknowledged, that Louisa Delemere had once possessed my warmest affection: "but, dearest Mariann," said I, "the preference with which you honor me, will soon be returned by the most unbounded love.—In your sympathy I shall find a partner in my afflictions—for afflictions doubtless will fall to my lot: in your approbation I shall feel a stimulus to the practice of those virtues, with which your own angelic disposition abounds; in your love I shall taste that refinement of felicity, which arises rather from the purity of esteem, than from the violence of passion."

Near two months elapsed from this period, before Mariann could be pronounced in a state of convalescence; during which time I was under the necessity of returning to the university for the purpose of keeping a term: for, though I was received as the betrothed husband of Miss Pemberton, our marriage was not to take place for the space of two years.—That violent agitation which I had experienced at the first idea of resigning all pretensions to the too interesting Louisa, was succeeded by a sort of melancholy regret: in short, I took the utmost pains to banish her image from my imagination, and at length, in some degree, succeeded.—The approving and at the same time grateful looks of Pemberton and his mother, who seemed continually to say, "You have insured our happiness," appeared intended to reward me for the sacrifice, which I had made to them; and the tranquil joy, chastened by native modesty, which illumined Mariann's countenance, was calculated to set the lord of my bosom at peace.

Neither of Mrs. Melville, nor Adolphus, had I received any intelligence since their first arrival from Madeira, except that the former had hired an elegant mansion in Worcestershire.—Mrs. Pemberton and her family were one evening returning from visiting a poor cottager who was dangerously ill, when our attention was attracted by a man on horse-back, who passed us with the rapidity of lightning.—"That man," said Mrs. Pemberton with a sigh, "is, doubtless, upon some interesting business, and most probably the messenger of sickness or death. He recalls to my recollection that agonising period," she continued in a lower accent, "when you, my dear Henry, like a ministering angel, saved me from the depth of despair."

If our attention had been excited by the speed with which the messenger traveled, very different sensations were produced by seeing him

ride up to the Lodge: and, as both ladies displayed a mixture of alarm and solicitude, I disengaged my arms from them, and darted forward for the purpose of discovering the stranger's business.—"That is Mr. ***," said the old butler to him, as I reached the door.—"I have a letter, sir—from young Squire Melville, I believe—though the sarvants told me as how he cou'd-n't live many hours: so I suppose it is about his honor's illness; for it beant very likely a dying man could have wrote it.—My orders howsomdever was, to be sure and find you, and bring you to the castle, alive or dead."

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SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance,*

(Continued from page 605, of our last Volume.)

THE master of the vessel pursued his way slowly along the shore: the placidity of his countenance bespoke the serenity of his mind. Lifting his eyes by chance toward the promontory, he perceived on the summit a female, who appeared to be searching for a path to descend to the beach: he hastened to meet her, equally excited by pity and curiosity. The declivity was so steep, that Sappho descended with extreme rapidity. The wind, and the impetuosity of her motion, threw her hair and her garments into wild disorder: she was soon hurried to the shore, where the stranger stretched forth his arms to receive her. Considering her as one who had lost her way, or who was deprived of the use of reason, he addressed her with mildness, saying, "What disturbs you, unfortunate maid? and why do I find you here alone?" He at first imagined that she had been shipwrecked: but he relinquished that idea, on observing that her clothes were not wet, and recollecting the preceding tranquillity of the ocean.

Sappho, who felt grateful for his care in supporting her from falling, thanked him graciously, and blushing at her appearance, she endeavoured to adjust the disorder of her dress.—They observed each other in silence—Sappho admired the features of the stranger (who was in the meridian of his years) where majesty was tempered with grace and dignity:—he examined attentively the countenance of Sappho:—he had found her wandering and alone; and was doubtful what to think of her morals.—All that he had been able to discover from the few words she had spoken, was, that she was a stranger and a Grecian.—She told him, that, as she walked on the shore, curiosity had induced her to climb the promontory—that her slaves and baggage were at a short distance, and that family affairs had called her to Sicily.—Clitus appeared, and announced to his mistress that the steeds were ready:—Sappho still continued to converse with the stranger, who, struck with the elegance of her manner and the winning affability of her conversation, invited her, if the delay would not interfere with her journey, to repose a short time at his habitation, which he pointed out to her, not far from the sea, seated on a verdant hill, amply enriched with the gifts of Bacchus, and in the highest state of cultivation.—The proposal accorded with Sappho's wishes, who accepted it without hesitation.—As they proceeded towards the mansion, each, mutually prompted by curiosity governed by discretion, endeavoured to discover the other's secrets.

The house was not large; but it was of a convenient size. The vestibule was ornamented with columns of Parian marble; and on the

frieze was inscribed, "Health and tranquillity." The apartments were ornamented with excellent pictures: the first represented the adventures of Hercules and Theseus, those mighty redressers of wrongs; and, a little further, was the sack of Troy, and the voyages of the sage Ulysses. Sappho examined them with attention, and detailed their respective beauties with so much knowledge of the art, that her host, charmed with the justice of her remarks, endeavoured to prolong the pleasure of the conversation. As they were still conversing, the stranger observed, on the finger of Sappho, a ring, which he thought he remembered; and he immediately said, "If my request is not importunate, permit me to examine that ring, which, if I am not mistaken, is a pledge of hospitality."—"It belongs to our family," replied Sappho, presenting it to him.—He immediately examined it, and exclaimed, "Is it possible? I behold the seal of Scamandronymus, to whom my family is allied by the bonds of ancient hospitality.—Yes, I recollect the Sphinx......Pray, how came this ring into your possession? By what tie are you connected with my old and faithful friend? You must be very dear to him, or very nearly related, since this ring is in your hands. Thrice happy day! which gives me the happiness of your acquaintance, and the opportunity of exercising the sacred laws of hospitality! Your stay here will be most pleasing to me, and particularly if it be prolonged."

Sappho was extremely agitated on finding herself thus un-expectedly discovered, but durst not, through fear of censure, reveal her history. Her kind host respected her silence and embarrassment, and relieved her immediately, by saying, "In fulfilling the sacred duties of hospitality, I will begin by telling you my name. I am Eutychius of Salamis. After many long voyages and vicissitudes of fortune, I have determined to finish in this happy solitude, and in peaceful oblivion, the remaining days of an eventful life. I knew Scamandronymus at Mitylenè. In our youth we traveled together: we were crowned on the same day at the Olympic games. This brow, which is now furrowed with wrinkles, has been encircled with laurels gathered in the field of battle. Together we have repulsed the barbarians who threatened to destroy the liberty of Greece. This hand, which I present to you to-day in token of hospitality, has been actively and honorably employed in the defence of my country."

As he spoke, Sappho felt strongly inclined to open her heart to him, encouraged by his example: but, Eutychius, whose experience had taught him the knowledge of the human heart, said "At this moment, I can readily forgive your unjust diffidence, which induces you to conceal not only your country and your condition, but even your name. You do not know the purity of my heart: but be assured that I am full of indulgence for human passions:—they have influenced the wisest men: but, if your silence continues till sunset, you will then have no room for justification: you may, without ever having reason to repent, safely confide to me the motives of your voyage, whatever they may be; and rest satisfied, that, if I can be of service to you in any way whatever, you will find in me a sincere friend and a second father."

The affectionate mildness of his words penetrated her heart, and disposed her to confidence. "You see before you," said she, "Sapp the daughter of Scamandron

—"And I am his most faithful friend," replied Eutychius, embracing her with paternal affection.—Her un-experienced heart durst not at first give way to unlimited confidence; but, when it was once gained, her most secret sentiments flowed spontaneously, and without reserve—like the brook, dried up by the burning heat of the summer, which a source revives, and soon causes to overflow its banks.—Sappho related all the details of her adventures. Eutychius, with as much delicacy as compassion, encouraged her to pursue the recital, without venturing to blame, or appearing surprised at any of the circumstances: he only expressed the interest which he felt, by occasional exclamations of concern and affection. He reserved for a more convenient occasion the means of alleviating the weight of her misery.

When she had finished her narration, which was frequently interrupted with sighs and tears, "I thank you," said Eutychius, "for having thought me worthy to possess your confidence; and my heart, which you have rightly judged, is sensibly alive to your misfortunes. If I have signalised my valour in the field, my success has not been so brilliant in love, to whose relentless tyranny I have been a devoted victim. But, at present, I can only feel for the grief of the good Scamandronymus: his old age will be rendered wretched by your flight. He will never support the load of his affliction, if he receive no tidings of your welfare. 'Alas!' he'll say, 'my daughter has been shipwrecked! Perhaps at this moment she invokes my aid from the desert rock! Or has she become the prey of hungry sea monsters? Is she wandering in the dreary forests? or has she fallen down the precipice?'........ Permit me to inform him that Providence has granted me the happiness of your society: live quietly here: remain as long as you please; the day of your departure will be to me a day of sorrow."

A slave now appeared, announcing that the repast was served: and Eutychius courteously invited Sappho to proceed to the banqueting-hall.

The solitude of Eutychius was visited and enlivened by friendship. He was frequently visited by the neighbouring inhabitants, and particularly from Catania. The charm of his conversation was a sufficient attraction for his guests; as not only was he well acquainted with the poets and orators of his own time, but his mind was richly stored with the purest principles of philosophy; and he joined to the rectitude of an enlightened judgement all the winning graces of the most brilliant eloquence. Among the number of his guests, was the young Nomophilus, distinguished by the gentleness of his manners, and by an ingenuous candor which few possess. He anxiously promoted philosophical discussions, in which he excelled. Their conversation fell on the division of philosophers into different sects, the little concord that existed among them, and the obscurity of their opinions. Sappho was a prey to the deepest melancholy, and felt no interest in the discussion. They saw from the hall the lofty summit of Ætna smoking in the distance. Their discourse assumed a more lively turn, as they amused themselves with the popular credulity. One of the guests observed that the giant, who had for so many ages tossed and tumbled under Ætna, ought now to have found a commodious resting-place. Another could not conceive how he was originally overwhelmed by Ætna—he, who, on the day when the giants heaped mountain upon

mountain, carried it so easily in his hand.—"Take care," said a third, "how you insult the piety of your ancestors: if you destroy the faith of popular credulity, you open the barrier to all the vices; and then . . . . . ." Then the question was discussed, which has been debated for so many ages, whether the people ought to remain in ignorance; and, according to custom, the most vicious were the loudest on the subject of morality, and the most irreligious on that of Providence. Eutychius, more exhilarated with wine than enlivened by the subject of debate, exclaimed, as he filled their glasses, "Well, my friends, 'tis by this credulous faith that society exists, that my property is respected, and that we now drink wine of Syracuse." —"If so," said Nomophilus, "let us believe in the giant Enceladus;* and, still more, let us place a giant under yon mountain."

'Twas now that Melanthius played a prelude, and mingled his melodious tones with the notes of his lyre. His voice, which he raised by degrees, resembled at first the distant murmur, gradually encreasing in force, and swelled, until at last, uniting with all the chords of his lyre, it burst with irresistible charms, filling the apartment with melody, and the guests with admiration. He sang some verses from the Iliad with enchanting harmony, delighting the ears, and winning the hearts of his audience. The repast and songs finished, Eutychius and his guests arose from table, and retired to the garden, to inhale the refreshing breath of the evening Zephyrs. Flowers innumerable delight the eye with their variegated colors, and scent the air with their odoriferous perfume. They enameled a verdant lawn, which invites the guests to sit down.

Under the pressure of the most profound affliction, there are always two powerful means of consolation —change of scene, which separates us from the painful object, and the tender pity of compassionate friendship. Sappho found both with Eutychius:—she seemed to enjoy some moments of doubtful tranquillity;—a new sky, an unknown sea, other men, other habitations, and other manners, were never-failing sources of admiration. She felt how happy she could have been, if she had brought a heart free from the baneful influence of the passions. Still, however, love, more powerful than every other feeling, awaked those torments which only slumbered, but were not forgotten, and spread a melancholy gloom over the brow of Sappho. Her eyes were frequently filled with involuntary tears, which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. Eutychius, who regarded her with the benevolence of a host and the affection of a parent, frequently remarked the expression of sorrow on her countenance; he drew her aside into a neighbouring arbour, and said feelingly, "I wish with all my heart that this abode, and the society you meet here, could restore to your features that serenity which an unhappy passion has destroyed. Far from my mind is the intention of opposing your wishes: on the contrary, I will employ all the means in my power, to promote their completion. You are perhaps not aware that Phaon is well known to me: his family is not less attached to mine by the bonds of hospitality, than yours. I have already dispatched my slaves in all directions, to obtain the earliest intelligence of his arrival; and, when we shall be apprised of his landing, you will find in me a zealous and active mediator.

I have likewise sent a messenger to Scamandronymus, whose old age you have embittered with tears, to inform him that you are in my house, and that I will be to you as a father."

At these expressions of affectionate regard, Sappho was overwhelmed with the distressing thoughts of having deserted a respectable father in his last days, and for a moment felt ashamed of her delirium, and the violence of her resolutions. With tears of anguish, she exclaimed, "I am unworthy to behold the light of heaven, after having abandoned the friend of my childhood, the supporter of my youth, who consoled me in my affliction and misery—my dearly beloved father: and the gods, to make me still more sensibly feel the error of my conduct, have brought me into contrast with a virtuous host. I blush to think of my folly; I have myself alone to blame, since I was not driven to this extremity by paternal severity."—She was on the point of disclosing to Eutychius the offence she had committed against Venus, with the obscure oracle of the Pythia; but a false shame checked and prevented the intended communication.—Eutychius consoled her with the hope of soon beholding Phaon again; and they rejoined the guests, who were assembled round a sparkling fountain. "Ah!" said Sappho, "if reason has not the power to calm the afflicted mind, how irresistible is the voice of Nature! A murmuring spring, the warbling of birds, the sportive Zephyr, the view of a calm sea, the charm of melodious music or divine poetry,—these enchant, or, at least, for a moment, suspend the weight of our afflictions."

Nomophilus, assuming the conversation, said "In your society, it is possible to feel certain pains, which you can never yet have experienced." .... Eutychius plucked a rose, and, presenting it to Sappho, said, "You see that the most beautiful flower is armed with thorns: 'tis thus that nature mingles our pleasures and pains; if you pluck the rose without being afraid of the thorns, enjoy life without dreading its crosses."—Sappho received the flower, and replied, "Respectable Eutychius, there are roses full of thorns, without color and without perfume: my life resembles these."

The night was already advanced, when they retired to the house, where they reposed on cushions covered with the most brilliant carpets.

(*To be continued.*)

The Death of Mr. Howard, *the Philanthrope.*

The circumstances attending the termination of so valuable and eventful a life as that of our celebrated *Philanthrope*, cannot fail to be interesting to every friend of humanity: and we doubt not that our fair readers will be gratified by the following authentic account, extracted from Dr. Clarke's "Travels in Russia, Tartary, and Turkey," and given in the author's own words.

The particulars of Mr. Howard's death were communicated to me by his two friends, Admiral Mordvinof, then chief admiral of the Black Sea fleet, and Admiral Priestman, an English officer in the Russian service; both of whom were eye-witnesses of his last moments. He had been entreated to visit a lady about twenty-four miles from Cherson, who was dangerously ill. Mr. Howard objected, alleging that he only acted as physician to the poor; but, hearing of her imminent danger, he afterwards yielded to the persuasion of Admiral Mordvinof, and went to see her. After having prescribed that which

he deemed proper to be administered, he returned; leaving directions with her family, to send for him again if she got better; but adding, that if, as he much feared, she should prove worse, it would be to no purpose. Some time after his return to Cherson, a letter arrived, stating that the lady was better, and begging that he would come without loss of time. When he examined the date, he perceived that the letter, by some unaccountable delay, had been eight days in getting to his hands. Upon this, he resolved to go with all possible expedition. The weather was extremely tempestuous and very cold, it being late in the year; and the rain fell in torrents. In his impatience to set out, a conveyance not being immediately ready, he mounted an old dray-horse, used in Admiral Mordvinof's family to carry water, and thus proceeded to visit his patient. Upon his arrival, he found the lady dying; this, added to the fatigue of the journey, affected him so much, that it brought on a fever. His clothes, at the same time, had been wet through; but he attributed his fever entirely to another cause. Having administered something to his patient to excite perspiration; as soon as the symptoms of it appeared, he put his hand beneath the bed-clothes to feel her pulse, that she might not be chilled by removing them, and believed that her fever was thus communicated to him. After this painful journey, Mr. Howard returned to Cherson, and the lady died.

It had been almost his daily custom, at a certain hour, to visit Admiral Priestman; when, with his usual attention to regularity, he would place his watch on the table, and pass exactly an hour with him in conversation. The Admiral, finding that he failed in his usual visits, went to see him, and found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bed-room. Having inquired after his health, Mr. Howard replied, that his end was approaching very fast; that he had several things to say to his friend, and thanked him for having called. The Admiral finding him in such a melancholy mood, endeavoured to turn the conversation, imagining the whole might be merely the result of low spirits; but Mr. Howard soon assured him it was otherwise; and added, "Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject of it is to me more grateful than any other. I am well aware I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by diminishing my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist on vegetables and water, a little bread, and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers. Then turning the subject, he spoke of his funeral; and cheerfully gave directions concerning the manner in which he would be buried. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village, of Dauphigny, which would suit me nicely: you know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my fu-

neral; nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Having given these directions, he was very earnest in soliciting that Admiral Priestman would lose no time in securing the object of his wishes; but go immediately, and settle with the owner of the land for the place of his interment, and prepare every thing for his burial.

The Admiral left him upon his melancholy errand, fearing at the same time, as he himself informed me, that the people would believe him crazy, to solicit a burying-ground for a man who was then living, and whom no person yet knew to be indisposed. However, he accomplished Mr. Howard's wishes, and returned to him with the intelligence. At this his countenance brightened, a gleam of evident satisfaction came over his face, and he prepared to go to bed. Soon after, he made his will; leaving as his executor a trusty follower, who had lived with him more in the capacity of a friend than of a servant, and whom he charged with the commission of bearing his will to England. It was not until after he had finished his will, that any symptoms of delirium appeared. Admiral Priestman, who had left him for a short time, returned, and found him sitting up in his bed, adding what he believed to be a codicil to his will; but this consisted of several unconnected words, the chief part of which were illegible, and all without any meaning. This strange composition he desired Admiral Priestman to witness and sign; and, in order to please him, the Admiral consented; but wrote his name, as he bluntly said, in Russian characters, lest any of his friends in England, reading his signature to such a codicil, should think he was also delirious. After Mr. Howard had made what he conceived to be an addition to his will, he became more composed. A letter was brought to him from England, containing intelligence of the improved state of his son's health; stating the manner in which he passed his time in the country, and giving great reason to hope that he would recover from the disorder with which he was afflicted*. His servant read this letter aloud; and, when he had concluded, Mr. Howard turned his head towards him, saying, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" He expressed great repugnance against being buried according to the rites of the Greek church; and begging Admiral Priestman to prevent any interference with his interment on the part of the Russian priests, made him also promise, that he would read the service of the church of England over his grave, and bury him in all respects according to the forms of his country. Soon after this last request, he ceased to speak. Admiral Mordvinof came in, and found him dying very fast. They had in vain besought him to allow a physician to be sent for; but Admiral Mordvinof renewing this solicitation with great earnestness, Mr. Howard assented by nodding his head. The physician came, but was too late to be of any service. A rattling in the throat had commenced; and the physician administered what is called the musk draught, a medicine used only in Russia in the last extremity. It was given to the patient by Admiral Mordvinof, who prevailed on him to swallow a little; but he endeavoured to avoid the rest, and gave evident signs of disapprobation. He was then entirely given over; and shortly after breathed his last.

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* Mr. Howard's son labored under an attack of insanity.

Essays, by an Old Woman, No. 1.

On the proper Application *of* Time.

"We complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with; for our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or else in doing nothing that we ought to do."

Seneca.

Essays, (observes the intelligent Mr. Knox in that admired collection of writings which has immortalised his name) is but a synonymous term for *attempts*, and, as such, is truly applicable to the offspring of an old woman's imagination.

A much-esteemed authoress of the present day*, in one of her judicious publications, has laid down a plan, by which her youthful readers may regulate their conduct, so as to *grow old gracefully*; or, if an artist were to embrace her ideas, he would represent Age as accompanied by Virtue, and attended by the Graces.

I am perfectly aware that so great is the prejudice against *old women*, that it requires all the polish which arises from elegant association, and all the refinement which is acquired from good education, to render a being, so universally objectionable, even tolerated in fashionable society. But, as intellect and information are not attached to any period of existence, and as age evidently possesses the advantage of experience, I indulge the hope that the sentiments of an old woman may not be altogether un-interesting. Animated by this pleasing hope, I have endeavoured to arrange my ideas in the form of essays, and, with all the humility of the aged monk, (whom Sterne has so beautifully characterised) now venture to present them before the public.

Without arrogating to myself any dictatorial consequence, I shall occasionally intersperse my essays with well-intentioned advice, upon those subjects which are peculiarly connected with females:—and, should any of them be thrown into a predicament, from which the counsel of experience can help to extricate them, they have only to address their applications to me—directed to "*Mrs. Oldham, at Mr. G. Robinson's, 25, Paternoster Row.*"

On the importance of time, I have frequently observed, that the most thoughtless and inconsiderate are ever ready to descant: but—while they agree in the necessity of using it with the greatest frugality—like the Prodigal in Scripture, they either lavish it upon unprofitable pleasures, or waste it in idleness.—At every season and every period, time is of momentous importance; but the use or abuse of it never strikes the mind so forcibly, as at the commencement of a new year, when recollection imperceptibly recurs to the last annual revolution, and, alas! few can have the satisfaction of saying, that the fleeting moments have not been lost.

If, with the emperor Titus, we could only lament the loss of a day, how sweet would be the reflexion, and how heart-felt the delight! but—prone as we are by nature to do that which is forbidden, and to omit doing that which we are commanded—in taking a retrospective view of the last twelve months, we shall find that a large portion of our time has been occupied in pursuits more culpable than total idleness.—"Every fool, (observes Lord Chesterfield) who slatterns away his whole time in nothings, has some trite observation at hand, to prove both its value and its fleetness; and, though they pretend to feel the necessity of employing it well, they

* Mrs. Hannah More.

squander it away without considering that its loss is irrecoverable."—This remark is too just to be considered as a libel upon society: but to censure imperfections without pointing out a remedy, is as unavailing, as it would be for a physician to describe all the minute symptoms of a malady, without recommending a proper mode of cure.

Doctor Young's sublime description of time was never surpassed, and can scarcely be equalled in any language—

. . . . . . We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man.—As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound!

He then proceeds to tell us that the stroke of the clock is "the knell of our departed hours," and warns us not to waste them!

Though application and economy may recover the waste of fortune, it is impossible for the greatest energy to repair the waste of time: it eludes our grasp, evades every attempt to recall it, yet impresses a sense of the blessing we have lost, in indelible characters upon the mind.—Though the past is gone for ever, the future lies before us; and we have the power either of using or abusing it, as we please. We may either dispose of it in a manner which will impart tranquillity to our bosoms, or we may waste it in pleasures, which, instead of satisfying, pall upon the mind.

Let not my readers, however, imagine that I am an enemy to innocent enjoyment, or to those pleasures, which, when moderately resorted to, give a zest to life; for the great giver of all good had never endowed us with propensities to enjoy them, if the participation of them could have been considered as a crime. But, in the distribution of our time, the pleasures of the world should only occupy a certain portion, and never interfere with the actual duties of life: never ought they to be suffered to break in upon those occupations which constitute our usefulness in the present state.

How frequently have I had the mortification of hearing my own sex complain of the languor and insipidity of a country life; and sigh for a return of that season, when, animated by the gaieties of the metropolis, their torpid sensations might again revive!—In vain are the resplendent beauties of summer spread around them, or the glowing tints of autumn expanded before their eyes; for, dazzled by the glare of an illuminated ball-room, they have no vision for the lovely scenes of nature.—But to those females whose minds have not been corrupted by the influence of fashion, or perverted by the power of example, how delightfully interesting is a country life! The loveliness of spring, the more luxuriant charms of summer, the variegated beauties of autumn, and even the sterility of winter, alternately expand their bosoms with gratitude and delight.—Time, which, to the votaries of gaiety, often moves upon leaden pinions, from being usefully occupied, literally flies; while the retrospect of the past points to the bright reward of the future, and sheds its soothing influence over every period of their lives.

Let it not be supposed that I mean to infer that either usefulness or benevolence is exclusively attached to the country; for I know many instances of the active exertion of both in the metropolis, where a portion of each day is devoted to relieving the children of misfortune, and visiting the sick.—This is spending time in a manner most acceptable to our maker, and

fulfilling one of our redeemer's strongest injunctions: it is, in fact, humbly imitating his blessed example, and doing to others, as we would be done by.

A few years back, I was acquainted with a very lovely young woman, who, upon quitting school, was initiated into all the gaieties of fashion. She ran a round of dissipation in the metropolis, and was whirled from Bath to Cheltenham, and thence to all the public places of fashionable resort.—Wherever she appeared, admiration followed her: for novelty added charms to each enlivening scene; and her animated countenance displayed the gratification she experienced from this enchanting method of disposing of her time.—Not one moment was allowed for sober reflexion, or the fulfilling of those duties for which by heaven we were designed:—her life was spent in one continued round of amusements, which, to the young and inexperienced, are accompanied with so much delight.

But, though custom sanctioned this unlawful waste of moments, which, when once lavished upon unsatisfying pleasures, can never be recalled; yet the mind of Selina was formed for higher gratifications; and she soon began to feel the insipidity of fashionable pursuits.—Her heart, which was framed for domestic enjoyments, at length met with an object on whom its softest affections were bestowed:—Plutus attended at the shrine of Hymen, accompanied by the god of love.

The object on whom the fortunate Selina had placed her affections, was one of the most accomplished men of the age: his heart was the seat of every virtue, and his mind was illumined by learning's instructive rays.—To the superficial observer, never were two characters more opposite, than those of Sir Charles Belgrave and the being whom he had selected for a wife:—*he* was devoted to the pleasures of the country; and *she* had evinced a strong preference for the gaieties of the metropolis.—Though the seat of Sir Charles Belgrave was situated in an excellent neighbourhood, it was upwards of a hundred miles distant from the scene of Lady Belgrave's former enjoyments; and no populous town was near, even to offer the gratification of a country ball.—Thus circumstanced, how was the tædium of a country life to be avoided, or that enemy, time, disposed of? were the questions which Lady Belgrave's fashionable acquaintance eagerly asked; but the noble-minded Sir Charles had prepared an occupation for the object of his tenderness, which he had flattered himself would prove interesting to the benevolent feelings of her heart.—Sir Charles Belgrave, upon coming to the estates of his ancestors, had found his extensive lands not properly cultivated, and his tenants oppressed; for his grandfather had intrusted the whole management of his landed property to an unprincipled steward.—As the greater number of leases were only granted during the life of the late Sir Henry, his grandson resolved not to renew them upon so large a scale, but to divide the land into smaller farms, and build houses upon them, that three might occupy the portion which had been allotted to one.

In the village which nearly joined the park railing, there was but one school for its humble inhabitants, where boys and girls were promiscuously huddled together without any distinction.—Sir Charles, therefore, immediately erected two seminaries, and benevolently resolved to support them at his own expense; that for the girls, to be under Lady

Belgrave's protection, while the boys he determined to superintend himself. In addition to this noble plan, he built twelve small cottages, as receptacles for six infirm persons of each sex; whom the children belonging to the schools were alternately to wait upon, and dress the food which was generously supplied them.

Of these benevolent institutions Lady Belgrave had been kept in total ignorance: but what gratifying sensations did she experience upon her arrival at her husband's seat, on beholding such decided proofs of the amiability of his disposition, and the truly liberal turn of his mind!—The beneficence of this delightful pair was not confined to the youthful or the aged; for the poor of every description felt its fostering influence; and so sweet was the gratification which Lady Belgrave experienced, that she no longer wished to partake of the gaieties of the metropolis.

That time, which her fashionable friends had fancied would drag on so heavily, seemed actually to fly upon eagle's pinions: every part of the day had its regular division; and pleasure never interfered with the duties of benevolence.

Though few possess the power of being so extensively charitable as Lady Belgrave, yet, with a circumscribed income, we may perform the minor duties of benevolence: we may visit the sick, instruct the un-educated, and give to the needy a morsel of our bread.—Time, thus employed, needs not interfere with any moral obligation, or break in upon our pleasurable pursuits: and I will venture to assert that it will give a zest to our religious duties, by emboldening us to address the Almighty Ruler of the world.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDLEY
of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Anecdote of Louis XIV.—Voltaire, in his posthumous Remains, mentions his having heard the Duke de Brancas relate, that Louis XIV, after the battle of Ramillies, was heard to say, "Can it be possible that God has forgotten all I have done for him?"—alluding, we presume, to his *pious* efforts for the extirpation of heresy and schism.

Self-drawn Portraits.—In the same work it is recorded, that Madame Stael, having drawn a sketch of her own character, and being asked whether she had not omitted any thing in it, replied, "I have drawn only a half-length portrait."

Turkish Justice.—The following curious specimen of Turkish justice is recorded in Chateaubriand's "Travels in Greece, &c."—Near Mount Ithomé, there was a band of about fifty robbers, who infested the roads. The Pacha of the Morea, Osman Pasha, repaired to the spot; he surrounded the villages where the robbers were accustomed to take up their quarters. It would have been too tedious for a Turk to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty: all within the Pasha's inclosure were dispatched like wild beasts. The robbers, it is true, were exterminated; but, with them, perished three hundred Greek peasants, who were accounted as nothing in this affair.

Anecdote of Michel Angelo.—Mr. Duppa, in his Life of that immortal artist, relates that he was once engaged by Angelo Doni, a Florentine gentleman, to paint a Holy Family: and when the picture was finished, it was sent home, with a note requesting the payment of seventy ducats. Angelo Doni did not expect such a charge, and told the messenger he would give forty, which he thought sufficient. Michel Angelo immediately sent back the servant, and demanded his picture or a hundred ducats. Angelo Doni, not liking to part with it, returned the messenger, agreeing to pay the original sum: but Michel Angelo, indignant at being haggled with, then doubled his first demand; and Angelo Doni, still wishing to possess the picture, acceded, rather than try any further experiment to abate his price.

Calmuck Marriages.—Among the Calmucks, as we learn from Dr. Clarke's

"Travels," the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; and, if he overtakes her, she immediately becomes his wife, and returns with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued: in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her: and it is asserted that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer. If she dislikes him, she rides, to use the language of English sportsmen, "*neck or nothing*," until she has completely escaped, or until the pursuer's horse is tired out, leaving her at liberty to return, to be afterwards chased by some more favored admirer.

Oriental Mothers.—In the East, a married woman—instead of being called after her husband, as with us —is, when a mother, denominated from her eldest son, if she have one—if not, from her eldest daughter,—as *Am Yusuf*, Mother of Joseph—*Am Miriem*, Mother of Mary. Hence, in the story of the "Bang-eater," given in the Supplement to our last volume, the supposed woman is, according to established custom, styled *Am Soleymaun*, Mother of Solyman.

The Lord's Prayer.—About the time of the Reformation, a dispute having arisen in the university of St. Andrew's, in Scotland, whether the Lord's Prayer might be said to the Saints, or should be confined to God alone—and several meetings of divines having been held on the subject—a confidential servant of one of the doctors ventured to inquire of his master what had occasioned them. The master, with great good humour, told him the subject of the debate; and the servant, with some surprise, asked, "To whom should the Lord's prayer be said but to God?" The doctor then asked in turn, "What should be done with the saints?" to which the servant bluntly answered, "Give them *Ave's* and *Credo's* enow, in the devil's name; for that may suffice them."—This curious conversation is noticed in Dr. Cook's History of the Reformation in Scotland.

Linen washed by Steam.—We have been informed that an ingenious gentleman in the vicinity of Islington has applied steam to the washing of linen, and with most satisfactory success. The linen (we are told) is first soaped, and then, in a close wooden vessel, exposed to the action of steam conducted to it by a pipe from a boiler. After a couple of hours' steaming, it only requires to be rinsed in clear water.—So says our informant.

Harmless Rattle-Snake.—Few of our readers are unacquainted with the dangerous nature of the rattle-snake, accustomed to dart, unprovoked, at passengers, and inflict its wounds, usually mortal. The following instance, therefore, of a pacific disposition in one of those noxious reptiles, must appear the more remarkable. It is related by Major Pike, in his "Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of N. America."—"To day, I passed over a remarkably large rattle-snake, as he lay coiled up, and trod so near as to touch it with my foot, it drawing itself up to make room for my heel. Dr. Robinson, who followed me, was on the point of treading on it, but, by a spring, avoided it. I then turned round, and touched it with my ramrod; but it showed no disposition to bite, and appeared quite peaceable. The gratitude which I felt towards it for not having bitten me, induced me to save its life."—So far Major Pike: but, after all, it may be a question whether this unnatural tameness in the snake did not arise fom the animal's being wounded, sick, or otherwise deprived of the *ability* to hurt.

Duel for a Book.—When the "*Diable Boiteux*" (known to the English reader under the title of the "Devil upon two Sticks") first made its appearance at Paris, so great was the demand for it, and so eager were the public to procure it, that it is related of two young gentlemen who arrived at the same moment, in search of the Diable Boiteux, at the shop of a bookseller, who had but a single copy left, that neither of them would give it up to the other; upon which they had recourse to their swords: a duel ensued, and the victor carried off the literary prize.

Authors.—From the last literary catalogue published at the fair of Leipsic, it appears that there are now living in Germany no fewer than ten thousand, two hundred, and forty-three authors, each of whom publishes at least once a year.

POETRY.

Bouts-rimés proposed—Change, range; Fear, sincere; Long, strong; Wise, prize; Gain, pain; Strive, drive; Grow, low; Cloy, enjoy.

Lines on reading that the TAUNTON *and* SOMERSET HOSPITAL *would shortly be ready for the reception of Patients.*

By ANONYMOUS, *V. Petherton.*

Lo, hov'ring o'er yon tow'ring pile,*
A bright descendent of the sky!
'Tis Pity's self! I see her smile,
And clear her sorrow-streaming eye.

E'en now exultingly she calls
To Mis'ry's sons and daughters round,
"Soon, soon, within these sacred walls,
Shall comfort, home, and friends, be found.

"The suff'ring wretch, Misfortune's heir,
The hapless prey to racking pain,
Shall here, with new-born hopes, repair,
Nor seek the friendly dome in vain.

"Here gen'rous souls, with lenient balm,
Shall foil man's fellest foe, Disease;
Shall Anguish, tort'ring fiend! disarm,
And victims from their pow'r release;

"Shall to th' afflicted poor impart
A blessing dearer far than wealth,
Bid the once hopeless wretch depart,
Enrich'd with renovated health.

"At their control, through all the frame
The vital stream shall purer glide;
While, glorying in their strength, the lame
Shall cast the useless crutch aside."

How do such souls resemble God,
Who, emulous, thus succour woe!—
When earth the lowly Jesus trod,
'Twas thus he bless'd mankind below!

The dead his pow'rful accents heard;
His touch restor'd the visual rays:
Th' obstructed paths of sound he clear'd,
While loosen'd tongues broke forth in praise.

O ye, whose feeling bosoms glow
When others' efforts meet success,
Whose sympathetic tears will flow
For fellow-creatures in distress—

Though envious fate to some deny
The pow'r, the bliss to aid mankind,
Yet trust, that, register'd on high,
You ev'ry gen'rous wish shall find.

But ye, with Fortune's favors crown'd,
Who still the social feelings share,
And look, with broad survey, around,
For proper objects of your care—

Here, here indulge your souls' pure joy,
The luxury to succour woe!
The cause is God's! your zeal employ,
And willing bounty here bestow!

Thrice happy man! who, call'd on high
From this vain, transitory state,
Shall find meek, dove-ey'd Charity,
For endless bliss, his advocate!

* The Hospital.

The EMPIRE *of the* DEEP.

By J. M. L.

Tune "The Invention of Gunpowder."

WHEN Freedom o'er Britannia's isle
Her cheering influence spread,
On Britain's fleet she deign'd to smile,
And taught our foes to dread:
And, as old Neptune long since gave
To Britain's rule the subject wave,
Her sons have shown they still can keep
The envied empire of the deep.

To NELSON long was giv'n the pow'r
To sweep the surgy main;
Till Death disturb'd proud triumph's hour,
And gave to Britons pain.
But, though each age his loss must mourn,
Though now enshrin'd in Death's cold urn,
Yet Britain's bravest sons still keep
The envied empire of the deep.

Stanzas, by Miss JOANNA SQUIRE.

[*** *The following Stanzas having been unfortunately printed in the Supplement to our last Volume, with some serious typographic errors, accidentally left uncorrected, we have (instead of barely noticing the* Errata*) reprinted the piece entire, as well for the ease and satisfaction of our Readers, as to do justice to the genius of the fair Autheress, whose productions are well entitled to typographic attention and accuracy.*]

On reading an Extract from Mr. SCOTT'S *"Vision of Don Roderick," ending thus—*

"And he, yon chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle—the hero is thine own.*"

THE hero is your own:—proclaim it loud

* *See our Magazine for September, page 432.*

Through all your ranks; and let the
vaunting foe
Catch the exulting sound; for well they
know
This boast of Erin, this thrice glorious
chief, [tors low,
Whose arm so oft has laid their vic
And, daring, snatch'd those high rais'd
trophies proud, [now, with grief,
Which erst those spoilers claim'd, but
Behold bright waving, where Britannia's
pride, [vaunts deride.
Bold in the righteous cause, oppression's

And Oh! ye gallant bands, to freedom
dear, [crown'd—
Europe's last hope, with fadeless laurels
Ye, who, when dangers threat, still
foremost found, [fight—
Dare in the stranger's cause th' unequal
Yours be the boast, while empires fall
around, [reer—
And myriads weep ambition's dread ca-
Yours be the boast, its proudest hopes to
blight, [kind,
And teach these dread enslavers of man-
Fame, for Britannia's sons, no common
wreath has twin'd.

Britannia's sons you are:—with equal
pride, [of Fame,
With equal joy, she hears the trump
In lofty tones, your daring deeds pro-
claim.
Secure, triumphant, on her favor'd land,
She glows enraptur'd at each warrior's
name.
Hibernia's heroes, who disdain the guide
Of slow pac'd prudence—Scotia's warlike
band—
Alike she loves, alike delights to own—
Joint 'vengers of her wrongs, joint guar-
dians of her throne.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed, in our Magazine for November.*

The woe-fraught SOUL.—*By* J. M. L.

THE summer day of peace, alas! is *run*;
And now to sorrow's midnight hour I
turn. [*shun*:
The thought of hope my mind must ever
Hope's heav'nly torch for me has ceas'd
to *burn*:

Careless how soon a life of woe may
close—
A life embitter'd by her sharpest *thorn*,
Whose point was hid in pleasure's early
rose:—
Let this youth's unsuspecting bosom
warn!

Joy's hour quick faded, like a blade of
grass:—
The hour of pleasure soon begins to
cloy:
Like a gay vision, all its comforts *pass*;
And woe shuts out the very name of
joy.

When shall this soul to peaceful mo-
ments *wake*?— [tim *leave*,
Ne'er, till this earth the trembling vic-
Ne'er, till a heav'nward journey it shall
take, [*grieve*!
Where bliss eternal bids no more to

The ASTROLOGER.—*Imitation of the French Epigram in our Magazine for December.*

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

AN almanack maker, with prescient leer,
Through futurity's veil ey'd th' approach-
ing new year; [or snow,
Examin'd each month for its rain, hail,
When calms should prevail, and when
hurricanes blow; [just to step in,
Then call'd to his son from his play
And write down the weather that he said
should happen. [his pen
The child for the first time now finger'd
To fill this high office.—His dad thus
began:—
"First write, 'sleet and snow with some
wind;' then, 'some rain;' [again:
Next, 'moderate weather;' then 'windy'
And write, 'gainst that Friday, 'a tem
pest, with hail.'"— [and look'd pale.
The child began writing, but stopp'd,
"Papa sure forgets;—what! such wea-
ther on Friday! [a high day."
We don't go to school, 'tis for frolic
"Well well!" said the prophet, "then
write, if you please, son,
'*Quite mild now about*;' or, '*quite fair for the season*.'"

The LOVE-SICK MAID;
an Imitation of the Writers of the seventeenth Century.
(*From the new Edition of Miss Mitford's Poems.*)

STRANGER, dost see yon pallid maid,
Reclin'd beneath the willow shade,
Who still, with listless mien,
Plucks the wild flow'rs that round her
gleam,
And watches them sail down the stream,
Trilling a sad wild air between?
Would'st hear, what dims those eyes so
sheen?—
Know, this it is to love!

'Tis thus, upon her lute to play,
Warbling the weary hours away,
Like plaintive Philomel;
Yet, to one tender pensive song

Returning still, the notes prolong,
Still on that air enraptur'd dwell:—
Hark! 'tis the song he lov'd so well.—
Oh! this it is to love!

It is, when, with the painter's dies,
She bids a new creation rise,
Surpassing mortal grace;
In Surrey's form, in Sydney's eye,
In hero, or in Deity,
With faithful pencil still to trace
Her lover's form, and look, and face:—
Oh! this it is to love!

It is to shun his very name,
Yet thus in secret nurse the flame,
As rain-drops feed the fire;
So the blaze lit at Fancy's eyes,
Sprinkled with tears and fann'd with sighs,
As fears depress, or hopes aspire,
Still fiercer burns, and blazes higher:—
Oh! this it is to love!

It is to doubt her beauty's pow'r,
To languish o'er the faded flow'r,
Drooping and sad like her;
To doubt her glass, to doubt her eyes,
To shun false flatt'ry's honey'd lies,
Yet still, from one dear flatterer,
Such praise to ev'ry sound prefer:—
Oh! this it is to love!

'Tis hating her whom he commends;
'Tis envying all he calls his friends;
Yet still his presence flying;
'Tis loathing the sun's blessed light;
'Tis moaning through the tedious night;
'Tis musing, weeping, wailing, sighing,
Not yet to die, yet always dying:—
Know, stranger, this is love!

Lines addressed to a young Lady,
on NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1812.

I OFFER, Louisa, no idle profession,
No compliments merely to hail the
New Year: [confession,
My heart is content with the simple
That friendship's chaste passion has
render'd you dear.
The year now departed was fraught with
that pleasure: [prove,
And if destined another's existence to-
It may teach me, perchance, by ex-
perience to measure [ship and love.
How close the connexion 'twixt friend-

The PAINS *of* MEMORY.
(From Mr. Bingham's Poem so entitled.)

How oft, in scenes of solitude and night,
The soul will wing to other days her flight,
Unbidden mark some thoughtless hour's
disgrace, [trace,
The failure see, the sneering group re-
Till ridicule recall'd, confusion, shame,
Now fire the cheek with indignation's
flame. [lence reigns,
How oft, when nature sleeps, and si-
Will sorrow weep at thought-recurring
pains, [fled,
Trace the sad moment when a spirit
And ev'ry virtue of the absent dead!
Who has not heard the bell of midnight
toll
Appalling accents to his sickening soul,
Wake up the strings of long-forgotten
woe, [show?
Divided friends and parting anguish
Who has not sigh'd at time's swift-ebbing
stream, [dream?
Or moments flown of love's delusive

To a Lady, with a GOLD CHAIN.
By Lieut. CHARLES GRAY.

COULD I a cunning workman find,
With links like these thy heart to bind,
It never more should wander free,
But live a willing slave to me.
Ah no! for, cast in honor's mould,
Thy heart disdains a chain of gold,
Resolv'd no tyrant's pow'r to prove,
But live a slave alone to Love.
These links, though wrought with nicest
art,
Can ne'er enchain a roving heart.
Love's magic chain, so light and fine,
Alone must make the wand'rer mine.
Strong are the links of Love, I ween,
Although his actions are unseen.
Then, Cupid, act a friendly part,
And wind thy chain round Delia's heart.

TIME *deceived.*
Addressed to Lady Crewe, by Mr. SPENCER.

WHAT! has that angel face receiv'd
No hurt? Has time forgot his duty?—
Poor Time! like mortals, you're deceiv'd:
It is not youth:—'tis only beauty.

Le COMBAT *à Mort.*

A la suite d'une querelle,
Où le Gascon Mondor avait fait l'insolent,
Pour en découdre un bretailleur l'ap-
pelle.— [blant,
Arrivé sur le pré, Mondor, pâle et trem-
Dit, " Nous ne nous battons que jusqu'
au premier sang."—
" Non, mon petit Monsieur," dit l'autre:
" point de grâce!
Le combat ne finira pas,
Que l'un de nous ne reste sur la
place."— [je m'en vas."
" Hé bien!" repart Mondor, "restez-y—

*** *A Translation or Imitation is requested, for our next or any future Number.*

London Morning and Evening

DRESSES.

Morning dress.—Pelisse of maroon silk, lined throughout with fur, which, when buttoned, forms a sort of lappel:—standing collar, to turn over; and very deep cuffs.—A hat of the same silk, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

Evening dress, of green satin, with epaulettes of lace.—Cap of the same, trimmed with lace and a flower.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

⁂ *For the meaning and use of the Dates within crotchets [ ], see the Notices on the back of the title-page.*

[*London, Decemb.* 23] *Cassel, Nov.* 24.—At one o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the apartments of the Grand Marshal, immediately under those occupied by the king. His majesty, almost suffocated by the smoke, had scarcely time to quit the apartment, and repair to the queen's room. The fire spread with a rapidity hardly to be resisted. In less than two hours, the whole of his majesty's and the grand marshal's apartments, to the saloon of the council of state, were a prey to the flames. The greater part of the furniture, tapestry, vases, &c. are destroyed.

[24] *Petersburg, Oct.* 26.—The Turkish troops, which were encamped on the right bank of the Danube, were, on the 14th October, suddenly attacked by the Lieut.-General Markoff, and put to flight, with the loss of 1500 killed, and 300 prisoners.

[24] *New York, Nov.* 14.—The National Intelligencer says, 2200 Indians are embodied at Indianna, and threaten hostility against the United States, having shot one of our sentinels.

[25] *Temeswar, Oct.* 27. The last letters state that the Turkish forces under the Grand Vizier have been reduced to the greatest straits, and have sued for an armistice, which has been refused by General Kutusow, who has taken 5000 prisoners and an immense quantity of military stores.

[25] *Jassy, Oct.* 31. According to advices from the head-quarters of the Turkish army, it was a third time defeated on the night of the 17th and morning of the 18th by a corps of 7000 men; they, however, were fortunate enough to secure a retreat across the Danube, although with great loss. The Russians afterwards attacked the Turkish camp near Rudschuck, and having made a great booty, pursued their enemies as far as Tirnowo.

[25] *Basle, Nov.* 14.—Count Gottorp, late King of Sweden, lives here in the most retired manner. His chief amusement is the public lectures.

[30] The Paris papers which have reached town to the 24th instant, contain a decree of the conservative senate, for placing 120,000 men, of the conscription of 1812, at the disposal of the minister of war.

[30] A fresh eruption has taken place from Mount Ætna, which is thus related in the French journals.—On the 27th of October, several mouths opened on the eastern side of the mountain; these openings, situate almost in the same line, and at equal distances, presented to the eye a spectacle the most imposing—torrents of burning matter, discharged with the greatest force from the interior of the volcano, illuminated the horizon to a great distance. One of these apertures was at a considerable distance from all the others. The former was about 300 toises beneath the crater, and about one mile from the point called Gamel Laco: five others were situate in a line in the direction of the valley of Oxen (del Bove). The eruption of these last five lasted the whole night; an immense quantity of matter was discharged from them, which was driven to considerable distances. They however ceased the following day to cast forth any lava. The first aperture continued still, on the 15th of December, to emit torrents of fire; and even at the time when this mouth had the appearance of being stopped, there suddenly issued from it clouds of ashes, which descended in the form of rain upon the city of Catania and its en-

virons, and upon the fields situate at a very great distance. The current of the lava was still very slow, since in the space of nine days it had scarcely passed over three miles, and had only reached the rock called della Capra (the Goat's). A roaring, resembling that of the sea in the midst of a tempest, was heard in the interior of the mountain. This sound, accompanied from time to time with dreadful explosions resembling thunder, re-echoed throughout the valleys, and spread terror on every side. Such was the state and situation of Mount Ætna on the 18th ult. The eruption still continued, and excited fears of the most terrible disasters.

[*January* 1] An edict has appeared in Prussia, according to which all feudal tenures shall expire in four years more; and for this purpose, land deputies are appointed for every province, whose labors centre in the bureau of the chancellor of the state. They are totally to separate the connexion between the landholder and his peasantry; and the latter, in lieu of feudal service, shall yield one-half or one third part of his land to his lord.

[4] The receipts and expenditures of the government of the United States, during the year ending on Septemb. 30, 1811, have been.

	Dollars. Cents.
Receipts - -	19,750,476.09
Disbursements -	15,802,657.73
Surplus - -	3.947,818.36

[4] On the 8th of November, an engagement took place between a body of American troops and a numerous army of Indians commanded by "The Prophet." Before day-break, the Indians commenced the attack so suddenly, that they were in the American camp before many of the men could get out of their tents. The assailants, however, were finally repulsed, though not without serious loss on the part of the Americans.

[4] The Cincinnati Society have proposed erecting a splendid monument to the memory of the late General Washington, at Philadelphia, and are raising subscriptions at New York and other towns, to carry their design into execution.

[4—15] About the middle of November, a serious *fracas* took place at Savannah, between some American sailors and the crews of two French privateers lying in that port. Three of the former were stabbed: the exasperated Americans set fire to and destroyed the two privateers: and their crews (a horde of ruffians from all nations) were all committed to jail, and afterward shipped off to Charleston.

[6] Several of the Swedish papers of last month contain the following:—"His royal majesty has graciously announced, that hereafter no foreigners are to be received into the Swedish service."

[7] The last advices from Sweden state, that the king was so far recovered, as to excite a general expectation that he would shortly be able to resume the reins of government, and convoke the diet, which will assemble in the course of the next month.

[7] A letter from Jamaica says, that the following decision has excited a strong sensation in that colony. The principals of a mercantile house, who had advanced large sums of money to a planter on the mortgage of his estate, (to the amount, it is said, of £30,000 sterling), took the legal measures to effect payment of their claims. The defendant, in arrest of judgement, put in a plea that the transaction was usurious, inasmuch as the terms of the mortgage bound the planter to send the produce of his estate to the mercantile house for sale, by which they had their commission on the sales, in addition to the legal interest of their loans. The chancellor, the hon. governor general admitted the plea, and declared the transaction usurious. The plantiff was in consequence nonsuited, and all his advances to the planter lost; besides his being further rendered liable to a prosecution in a criminal court for usury.

[8] According to tables published in the Almanack of the French board of longitude, the population, of the French empire amounts to 43,937,144 souls. Of this number, it is supposed that 28 millions speak the French language, 6,453,000 the Italian, 4,063,000 the Dutch or Flemish, 967,000 the Breton, and 108,000 the Basque. The population of the states connected with the system of France, in which number are included the kingdom of Italy, Switzerland, Spain, the confederation of the Rhine, &c. is estimated at 38,141,541 souls.

[9] The legislature of St. Vincent's resolved, in November, to import 9000 dollars, which were immediately to be cut in such a way as to preserve a sufficiency of change in the island. The cut money then current was to be called in.

[9] Count Rzewski, of Vienna, is said to have in his possession an Arabic manuscript, written in the time of the Crusades, which mentions some curious particulars relative to the use of gunpowder in war, and which contains a genuine receipt for the Greek fire. The Count is now employed in translating this rare and valuable work.

[9] *French theatres.*—An ordinance relative to the exterior and interior police of the theatres has been issued, prohibiting expressly all persons from reselling tickets bought at the office, or selling such as have been obtained from any other source. None are to disturb the audience by noise, applause, or hissing, before the curtain rises, nor between the acts. In the great theatres, during the whole representation, no one is to keep his hat on after the curtain rises.

[13] The differences between Mr. Wellesley and the Spanish government have not interrupted the ordinary intercourse between them. The loan solicited by the latter is 40 millions of reals, or about four hundred thousand pounds, for which the Junta of Cadiz has offered its security.

[13] A duel took place last month at Bourdeaux, between two merchants. On the first fire, one of the parties fell, and the seconds immediately approached, supposing that he was mortally wounded; after a close inspection, they found that he had not sustained any injury, his antagonist's ball having glanced aside, and lodged in the trunk of a tree; but he was nevertheless dead; having, it is conjectured, anticipated, by his terrors, that fate which he might otherwise have escaped.

[13] Quebec papers and letters to the 2nd ult. reached town on Saturday. It appears from their contents, that large quantities of British manufactures continue to be smuggled into the territories of the United States from Canada. The custom-house officers on all the frontier stations had been doubled and tripled; but, in despite of their vigilance, both the temptation and facilities were so great, that English goods still found admission. On several occasions, some severe contests had taken place between the officers and smugglers, which had not terminated without the loss of lives.

[13] A letter of a late date, from Holland, states, that most rigid measures are now enforced in that country against all persons detected in carrying on a clandestine correspondence with England. Several masters of merchant vessels have been recently arrested.

[13] The celebrated convent of La Trappe was, on the 30th of November, suppressed by a decree of the Swiss council.

[13] The magnificent church of Montreale, near Palermo, was burned to the ground on the 11th ult. It was an antique structure, and contained many curious monuments of ancient kings.

[14] An imperial decree of the 19th ult. directs the abolition of the feudal system in the departments of the mouths of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Upper Ems. The introductory matter adverts to the general law on this subject; and in the sequel, all honorable distinctions, whether relating to rank or power, are abolished, with the exception of such as are authorised under the edict of the 26th of Aug. 1811. The Baronial courts are also put down, and all external signs of them must be removed before the expiration of two months from the date of the decree.

[16] A great number of American seamen had been forcibly conveyed from Denmark to Dantzic, whence they had been forwarded to Antwerp. From the shores of the Scheldt they had written to Mr. Barlow, at Paris, who, on being apprised of their situation, successfully applied to the French minister to obtain their liberty. They are to proceed to Rochelle, whence they are allowed to embark for their own country.

[16] Letters from Cadiz supply us with some more particulars regarding the differences between Mr. Wellesley and the Spanish regency. It now appears that it was in consequence of an application from several respectable members of the Cortes, that the British minister suggested the fitness and even the necessity of an alteration in the executive authorities.

[18] One hundred and ninety Scotch emigrants lately arrived at Wilmington, North Carolina, from the Isle of Skye.

[22] *Septemb.* 17, General Jansen, with the remainder of the French forces in the island of Java, surrendered to the British troops under the command of Lieut. gen. Auchmuty.—The whole island is now in the possession of the British forces.

[27] The king of Sweden has resumed the reins of government.

[28] The French entered Valencia, Decem. 26; and Lord Wellington invested Ciudad Rodrigo, Jan. 8.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Of *His Majesty* we cannot give a favorable account.—From the examination of his physicians by the Queen's council on the 4th of January, and by a committee of parliament on the 10th, it does not appear that the slightest hope was entertained of his recovery; nor can we report any improvement in his condition, to the present date, January 28.

Summary of Christenings and Burials within the Bills of Mortality, from December 11, 1810, to December 10, 1811—

Christened in the 97 Parishes within the walls, 579—Buried, 1064.

Christened in the 17 Parishes without the walls, 4486—Buried, 3479.

Christened in the 23 Out parishes of Middlesex and Surrey, 11,242—Buried, 8,742.

Christened in the 10 Parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4044—Buried, 3758.

Christened	Males	10,443	in all 20,645
	Females	10,202	
Buried	Males	8,868	in all 17,043
	Females	8,175	

Whereof have died,

Under two years of age	5,106
Between Two and Five	1,638
——— Five and Ten	654
——— Ten and Twenty	509
——— Twenty and Thirty	1,231
——— Thirty and Forty	1,641
——— Forty and Fifty	1,741
——— Fifty and Sixty	1,591
——— Sixty and Seventy	1,585
——— Seventy and Eighty	1,038
——— Eighty and Ninety	449
——— Ninety and a Hundred	56
A Hundred	1
A Hundred and One	1
A Hundred and Two	1
A Hundred and Three	2

Decreased in the Burials this year 2,870

Number of bankruptcies announced in the Gazette during the last year.—In January, 212—February, 212—March, 217—April, 158—May, 209—June, 173—July, 165—August, 119—September, 77—October, 112—November, 247—December, 143—Total, 2044.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *January* 2, seventeen pence—*Jan.* 9, seventeen pence farthing—*Jan.* 16, seventeen pence—*Jan.* 23, the same.

[*London, December* 24] The subscriptions for the detection of the murderers of the Marr and Williamson families amount already to £1,533.

[25] A very extraordinary circumstance occurred on Sunday, in the neighbourhood of Battersea. Two gentlemen, who had been dining with a friend there, received a blunderbuss loaded, to protect themselves in going home. They were found in the morning, lying in an adjoining field, one dead, and the other wounded, it is feared, mortally. The blunderbuss was found discharged beside them. The gentleman who is still alive, has not yet been able to give any account of the extraordinary transaction.

[26] The Magistrates of the county, residing at Hammersmith, have sworn in thirty-two of the inhabitants as special constables, to act during the present alarming period.

[27] At a meeting of the Catholic committee in *Dublin*, *Decemb.* 23, Lord Fingall being in the chair, counsellor Hare, a police magistrate, took him by the arm, and gently pushed him from the chair.—Lord Netterville, having been immediately appointed to supply his place, was treated by Mr. Hare in the same manner.—The committee very soon dispersed.

[28] Yesterday morning, John Williams—confined in Cold bath-fields prison, under very strong suspicions (which have since been brought to nearly absolute certainty) of his being an agent in the murder of the Marr and Williamson families, noticed in our last Number—was found suspended by his neckcloth from a bar in his cell—having thus terminated his career by an act of suicide.—It was said that Williams was an Irishman—an assertion, which, if generally believed, might be productive of unpleasant consequences, by exciting *animosities between the lower orders of our people and the numerous bodies of Irish militia now in England.* But, as Mr. Sheridan observed in the House of Commons, on the 17th of January, "not only *no one* circumstance came out, to justify the opinion" of his being an Irishman; "but every thing that did come out, proved him *not* to have been an Irishman." (*See the Morning Chronicle, of January* 18.)

[28] The new Comet was seen on Sun-

day and Monday evenings at the Glasgow Observatory." It is still in the constellation Eridanus.

[28] *Nottingham Riots.*—Letters received from Nottingham state, that the stocking masters and workmen had not yet come to any settlement. Not more than about half of the trade would agree to the list of prices which had been made out and proposed by some of them to the men. They refused, on the ground that other manufacturers, not bound by the prices in question, would be able to undersell them.

[30] The journals from Leicester and Derby, which reached town on Saturday, state, that no further outrages had been committed into those counties. Several persons had been committed to gaol, upon charges of extorting money for the support of the frame-breakers; and they had solicited to be admitted evidence, engaging in that case to give up their principals. Nottingham still continued in a perturbed state, but only a few instances of outrage occurred within the last week.

[31] An aggregate Catholic meeting was held in Dublin on the 26th of December, when, among other resolutions, one was passed for a meeting of the general Catholic Committee in February—and another, "That an humble and dutiful Address to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent be presented so soon as the restrictions on his authority shall cease, upon the subject of the late invasion of our undoubted right to petition, and of the insult offered to the Catholics of Ireland."

[*January* 1] Yesterday, the body of Williams, the suicide, and supposed murderer, [*See Decemb.* 28] was dragged on a cart, exposed to public view, to a spot in Ratcliff Highway, where four roads meet: there being thrust into a hole of scanty dimensions, it was transfixed with a stake, and covered with earth

[2] In consequence of the overturn of one of the Glasgow coaches, in the month of October last year, a Mr. Brown lost his life, and his wife was so much bruised as to place her life in imminent danger for a considerable length of time. In consequence of this calamity, an action of damages was brought against the proprietors of the coach, and the proprietor of a post-chaise, with which the coach was racing at the time the accident happened, which appeared to be occasioned by that most unwarrantable offence. After perusal of proofs, and a full hearing of council, Lord Meadowbank, Ordinary found the defendants liable in the following sums.—To Mrs. Brown, in compensation of damages suffered by her person, £300—To her, for the loss of her husband, £200—And to each of the children, eight in number, £150 each, £1[illegible]—Total £154, with full costs of suit.

[2] An advertisement in the *Leeds Mercury*, of Saturday last, offers a striking illustration of the absolute necessity of establishing a system of national education. Of twelve persons, who publicly apologised for an assault committed on the person of a neighbour, only one could write his name—the *marks* of the eleven others appearing at the foot of the advertisement.

[3] A freehold qualification in the county of Lanark was, within these few days, purchased in Edinburgh, by a gentleman in the interest of Lord Douglas, at £800; and a freehold qualification in the county of Ayr was lately sold for £650.

[3] Yesterday the bank of Boldero, Lushington, and Co. stopped payment.

[4] A young gentleman, of a very respectable family, has been taken into custody for stealing silver spoons from an hotel in Bond Street. His inducement, he said, was, that his father would not allow him money enough.

[4] On Wednesday evening, one of the clerks of a respectable banking-house in the city, was apprehended, on a charge of embezzling 1400l. the property of his employers.

[5] It has lately been discovered that Henry Gawler, a clerk in the Navy Office, in conjunction with one or more associates, has, for the last thirteen years, practised frauds on the trustees of Greenwich Hospital, to the amount of several thousand pounds, by furnishing seamen with forged certificates, to procure them higher pensions, &c. than they were entitled to.—For each of these forgeries, the forgers received twenty pounds.

[6] From the port of Aberdeen, we see, by the circulated list, upwards of 20,000 tons of shipping belong to that port, exclusive of those on the stocks. No Scottish port, except Greenock, can boast of possessing vessels to the value of half a million. Aberdeen is still increasing.

[7] The quantity of rain fallen last

month, is equal to 3 ½ inches in depth.

[7] *Outrages at Edinburgh.*—On Tuesday night, the last of the year, devoted by immemorial usage to innocent festivity, the streets of this city were disgraced by a series of riots, outrages, and robberies, hitherto without any example. —During almost the whole of the night, after eleven o'clock, a gang of ferocious banditti, armed with bludgeons and other weapons, infested some of the leading streets, and knocked down and robbed, and otherwise most wantonly abused, almost every person who had the misfortune to fall in their way. After they had fairly succeeded in knocking down those of whom they were in pursuit, they proceeded immediately to rifle them of their money and watches; and the least symptom, on their part, of anxiety to save their property, was a provocation to new outrages, which were persevered in until their lives were endangered. These outrages, we understand, were chiefly committed by a band of idle apprentice boys, regularly organised for the purpose, and lurking in stairs and closes, from which they issued, on a signal being given, in large bands, and surrounded and overwhelmed those who were passing by.

[7] The Prince of Wales has had to pay rent and taxes, public and parochial, for Carlton-House, amounting, in the course of 30 years, to above 100,000l. exclusive of property-tax, though it is a royal palace.

[7] Statement of duties paid by the Distilleries in Great Britain for the last seven years, from 5th January, 1804, to 5th January, 1811, omitting fractions—

To 5th January,	1805	-	£2,322,306
———	1806	-	2,305,884
———	1807	-	2,313,869
———	1808	-	2,706,563
———	1809	-	2,757,804
———	1810	-	2,056,079
———	1811	-	2,427,916

[7] *Burglaries.*—No less than twelve houses in the parishes of St. James's and Mary-le-bone were broke open last week.

[8] Yesterday the session of Parliament was opened by commission from the Regent.

[8] We learn, that thirty more frames were broken at Nottingham, on Saturday night, by the rioters; and at Derby, Loughborough, and the neighbouring places, the disturbances still continued.

[9] Yesterday, Frederic Kellner, a youth of about *seventeen*, a clerk in the Post Office, suspected of felony, attempted to terminate his existence with a pistol. So, at least, it is *supposed*, as the report of a pistol was heard, and he was seen bloody, and left traces of blood after him in absconding.—A reward has since been offered for his apprehension.

[10] *Excommunication.*—Yesterday, a petition was presented to the House of Commons, from a poor woman confined above two years in Bristol jail, under a sentence of excommunication for the non-performance of a penance enjoined by the Ecclesiastical Court, for some defamatory expressions which she had used to another female.—The costs are above *thirty pounds!*

[11] *Popish Plot.*—A sort of a treasonable association, said to have been formed by some of the lower class of Irish Catholics, having come to the knowledge of the Catholic Committee—lord Fingall and some other Catholic gentlemen, by direction of the Committee, offered (on the 4th of January) to communicate the particulars to the Attorney-general: but the latter did not seem at all alarmed, and postponed the receiving of the communication till the 6th.

[13] The Nottingham papers, received on Saturday, relate numerous instances of frame-breaking, during the week, in the vicinity of Nottingham; and also state that a stack, containing twenty tons of valuable hay, was set fire to at Mansfield on Sunday evening; and that on Wednesday evening a large wooden hovel, containing a quantity of straw, the property of Mrs. Daykin, of Bagthorpe, was set fire to at Basford, the whole of which was consumed. Some frames having lately been broken at Basford, an elderly woman, the wife of a person who held seven of them, has sworn to several persons as being concerned in the outrage (two of whom are committed), on which account, such was the indignation excited against her among some of the stocking-makers at Basford, that it was judged expedient to remove the family with their furniture, escorted by the military, to Nottingham, as a place of refuge.

[13] A circular has been transmitted to the paymasters of cavalry regiments, acquainting them, that, in consequence of the present enhanced price of corn, the ration of oats is to be reduced from 12 to 10lb. per day for each horse, and the ration of hay to be increased from 8 to 12lb.—The rations of forage for horses in quarters remain unaltered.

[14] *Marlborough-street.*—Mr. Thomp-

son, a cow-keeper, at Pimlico, was brought to the office, to give an account of the possession of a stolen horse, the property of Mr. Pinnion, a farmer, at Ashstead, near Epsom. It appeared that the horse was stolen from Mr. Pinnion's stable, as long since as October, 1810, and he was identified on Saturday, in Thompson's cart, in Long-acre. It appeared by the statement of Thompson, that he purchased the horse at Smithfield market twelve months since: but the book was neglected, and from this neglect the person who sold it is unknown. From the respectability of Thompson's character, there was no doubt of the truth of his statement, but the horse was ordered to be delivered to the owner.

[14] A numerous and highly respectable meeting of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of the northern part of Buckinghamshire, was held in the Town-hall, Buckingham, on Thursday the 2d inst. for the purpose of forming an institution in aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A subscription was entered into, which immediately produced more than 200l. and that sum was nearly doubled in the course of the two or three following days.

[14] Lieut. Hamilton Crofton, whose extraordinary robberies were noticed in our Magazine for October, was brought to trial at Portsmouth on Wednesday last; and, nobody appearing against him, he was acquitted.

[16] A petition to Parliament, praying the total emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, is now signing by the Protestants of Dublin.

[16] The Catholic Aggregate Meetings are in progress through all the counties of Ireland.

[16] *Mr. White's Subscription.*—Amount advertised this day, above five hundred and sixty pounds.

[17] His Majesty's ships, Defence, of 74 guns, and St. George, of 98, were wrecked on the coast of Jutland, on the 24th December. On board the two there were between fourteen and fifteen hundred men, of whom not above eighteen escaped.

[17] *Bow-street.*—Yesterday a number of persons were brought to this office by summonses, principally from the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, charged with exercising their lawful callings on the Lord's day. They were mostly chandlers, muffin-bakers, &c. They were convicted in the penalty of five shillings each.

[20] Benjamin Walsh, esq. M. P. whom, in our last Number, we mentioned to have absconded with a large sum of money, the property of Sir T. Plomer—was tried for that offence at the Old Bailey, Jan. 18, and found guilty.

[20] The spirit of riot, that has so long afflicted the town of Nottingham and its neighbourhood, has extended 70 miles north, and has appeared in the opulent and industrious town of Leeds. On Wednesday night last, at nine o'clock, the magistrates were suddenly convened, and were informed that within about two hours an attack was to be made by a number of persons on some premises at Shipscar, where the dressing machinery, introduced about 12 months since, had been established. After a few minutes' consultation, the two troops of horse quartered in the town were ordered out, and proper means were employed to assemble the civil power.

[20] A few days ago, the passengers in a Yarmouth coach, going from the metropolis, were stopped at the toll-gate near Colchester, and on inquiring the cause of delay, were informed that they had travelled the last stage, nine miles, (through Kelvedon) without coachman or guard.

[22] By a gentleman, just arrived from Leeds, we find, that the energetic measures, employed by the principal inhabitants of that town to prevent riot, have been completely successful.

[27] A smart shock of an earthquake was felt on Saturday se'nnight, at many places in Oxfordshire, and the adjoining counties. It was accompanied by a deep rumbling noise, like a discharge of heavy ordnance. In some places this noise was heard for upwards of ten minutes.

[27] By the Population Returns lately made, it appears that the number of females exceeds that of males in every county, except those of Monmouth and Stafford.

Born.

December 17. Of the countess of Oxford, a son.

Decem. 24. Of the lady of W. Wharton Rawlins, esq. a daughter.

A few nights since. Of Countess Cowper (prematurely) a son.

Lately. Of the lady of Richard Curran, esq. York-place, a still-born child.

Lately. Of lady Frances B. Riddell, a daughter.

Lately. Of lady Ann Wharton Duff, Edinburgh, a daughter.

Decemb. 28. Of the lady of W. Hobkirk, esq. Speenham Hill, a son.

Decemb. 29. Of the lady of Henry Sansom, esq. Finsbury-square, a son.

Decemb. 30. Of lady Lucy Taylor, a son.

Decemb. 30. Of Mrs. Peter Mac Evoy, York-place, a son.

January 3. Of the lady of F. James Jackson, esq. Brighton, a son.

Jan. 16. Of the hon. Mrs. Morris, lady of Edward Morris, esq. M. P. a son, who lived only a few minutes.

Lately. Of lady Rumbold, a son and heir.

MARRIED.

December 16. Major Robert Dale, to Miss Harriet Bainbridge.

Decemb. 20. Henry Goulbourn, esq. to Miss Jane Montague, of Portman-square.

Decemb. 24. Thomas Buchanan, esq. to the Hon. Catharine Abercromby.

Lately. Captain Hancock, R. N. to Miss Elizabeth Longuet.

Decemb. 27. Lieut. Col. J. K. Money, to Miss Ann Caroline Taylor.

Decemb. 30. John Cheesment Severn, esq. Radnorshire, to Miss Price.

January 2. Andrew Whelsdale, esq. of Penrith, to Miss Mary Carruthers.

Jan. 6. Henry Fynes, esq. M. P. to Catharine, daughter of the bishop of York.

Jan. 9. John Stunt, esq. of Highbury Terrace, Islington, to Miss Mary Ann Poulain, of Finchley.

Lately. Jonathan Garth, esq. of Rotherhithe, to Miss Ann Anderson, of Lissongreen.

Jan. 10. S. T. Deseret, esq. R. N. to Miss Jane Tarver, of Romsey.

Jan. 15. Charles Jacomb, esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, to Miss Henrietta Ann Dollman, of Gower street.

Jan. 18. W. Yarman, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Ellen Mitchell, of Chelsea.

DECEASED.

December 12. At Lisbon, brigadier general Colman, Serjeant at arms to the House of Commons.

Decemb. 14. Mrs. Smith, relict of Dr. Smith, in her 81st year.

Decemb. 17. Mrs. Grant, mother of the Master of the Rolls.

Decemb. 19. Richard Smart, esq. King's Road, Bedford Row, aged 65.

Decemb. 20. The Rev. James Norman, of Kibworth Beauchamp, Leicestershire.

Decemb. 21. Admiral Sir Peter Parker.

Decemb. 23. Lady Harriet Reade, in her 86th year.

Decemb. 24. Sir John Lowther Johnstone, bart.

Decemb. 27. At Howden, aged 20, Ann, eldest daughter of John Peirson, esq.

Decemb. 28. The dowager Countess Stanhope.

Decemb. 30. Geo. Woodford Thomson, esq. M. P.

Decemb. 30. Dr. Patrick Wilson, formerly professor of astronomy at Glasgow.

January 1. Mrs. Frances Martyn, lady of the Rev. Thomas Martyn, aged 71.

Jan. 3. Mrs. Armstrong, relict of General Bigoe Armstrong.

Jan. 4. Bicknel Coney, esq. many years a director of the Bank of England, aged 79.

Jan. 5. Mrs. Sarah Pim, of Pentonville, in her 88th year.

Jan. 6. Sir Thomas Coxhead, aged 77.

Jan. 11. Henry Scott, Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry.

Jan. 14. Col. Robert Patton, late governor of St. Helena.

Jan. 15. Sir Harry Parker, bart.

Jan. 16. Mrs. Seaman of Middlewich, Cheshire, aged 88.

Jan. 17. W. Cavendish, esq. M. P. son of Lord G. Henry Cavendish.

APPENDIX.

Animals devouring their young.—An ingenious writer has observed, that, as the unnatural disposition of rabbits and other animals to eat their young, arises from thirst, or the febrile state of parturition, which these creatures have not the power to allay, he has prevented it, by allowing the animals, some time before and after bringing forth, to drink freely of cold water, with which they appear wonderfully gratified.

Salmon.—The great local and national advantage, which may be derived by the preservation of this fish, is illustrated and confirmed by a fact recently ascertained by Mr. Ellis, of Minsterworth, near Gloucester. This gentleman took the roe out of a salmon of 17lb. and counted the eggs, which amounted to 11,352. In supposing this number of salmon to average, in twelve months, 1ol. the quantity of food produced by one salmon would be no less than 50 tons, 13 cwt. 44lb. equal to the produce of 100 acres of wheat, at 20 bushels per acre, when converted into flour at 56lb. per bushel.